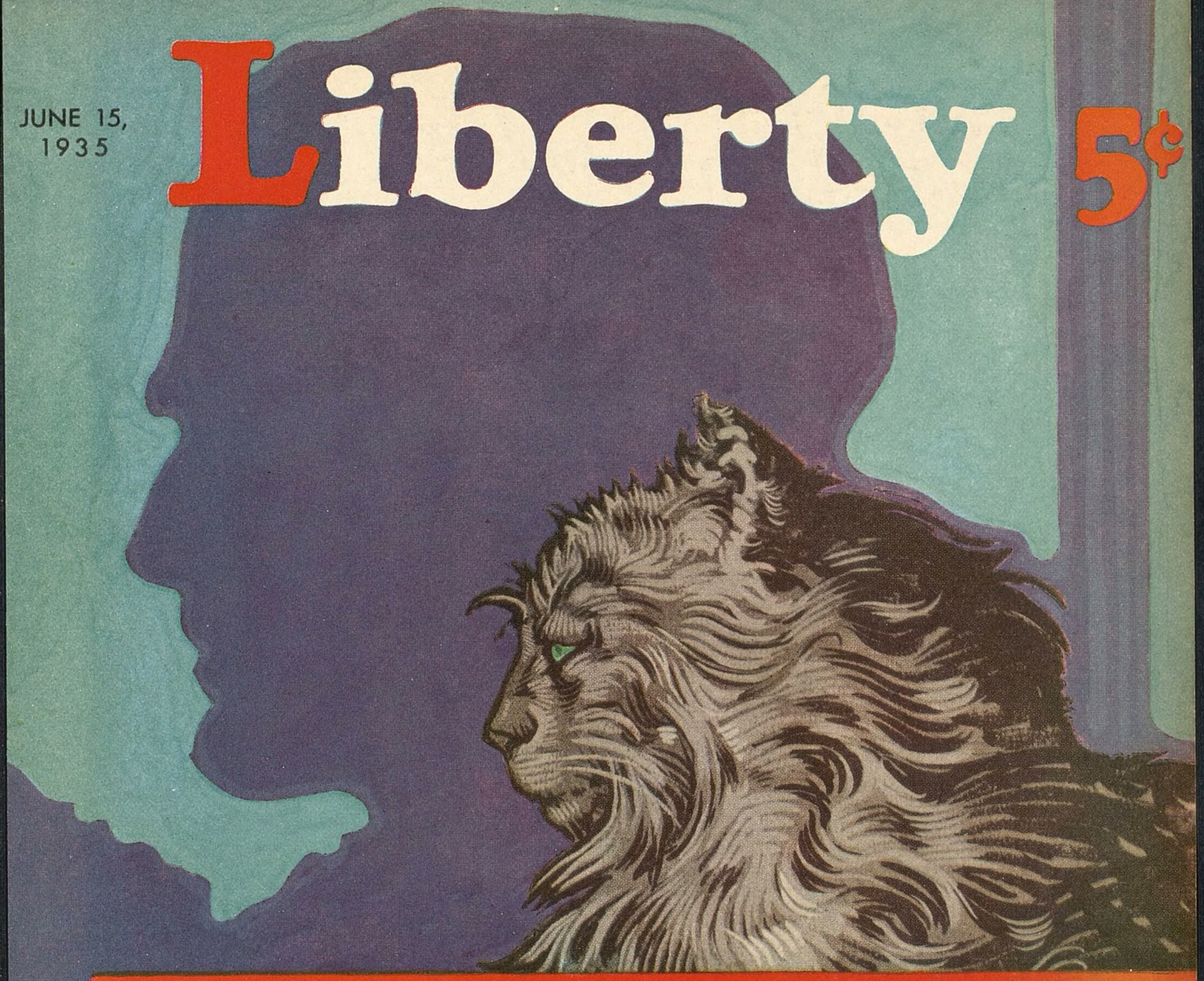
IS IT SAFE TO HAVE A BABY? — FAITH BALDWIN

JUNE 15, 1935

Liberty

5¢



BEGINNING

A Great **PERRY MASON** *Detective Novel*

The Case of the Caretaker's Cat

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"I want my sleep to be <u>beauty</u> sleep—*so I never let stale cosmetics choke my pores all night*"

PARAMOUNT STAR

says CAROLE LOMBARD

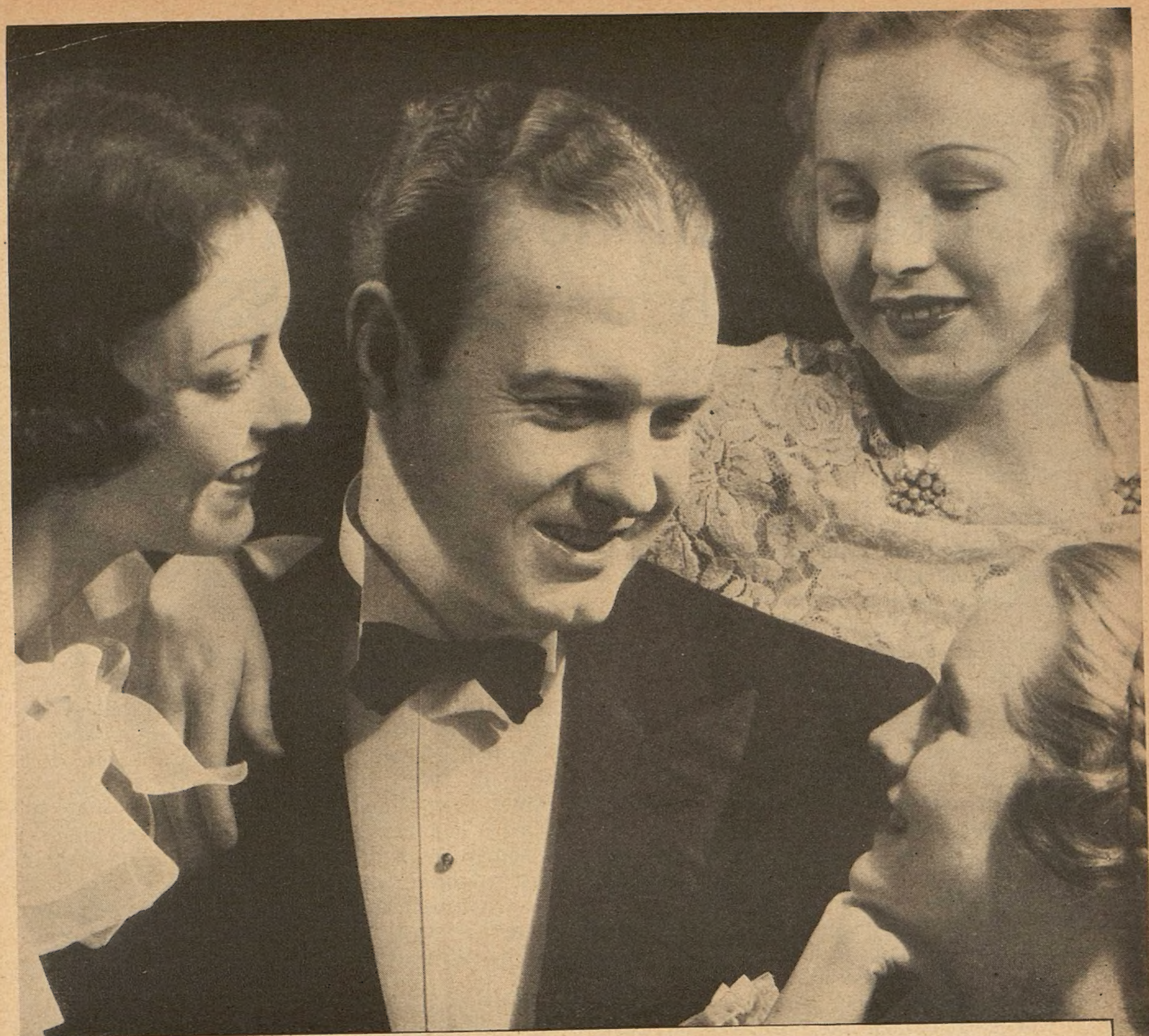
"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that trouble begins — tiny blemishes appear — enlarging pores — even blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that sinks deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day —ALWAYS before you go to bed at night — use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made *their* beauty care for years.

I'M A LOMBARD FAN—I'LL NEVER HAVE UGLY COSMETIC SKIN BECAUSE I USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS SHE DOES. I KNOW IT KEEPS SKIN LOVELY!
LUX
TOILET SOAP



"FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE

WOMEN MADE A *FUSS* OVER ME"

"It was wonderful to realize that charming women found me interesting . . . wanted to be with me. Always before I had been left out of things . . . the No. 1 wallflower of the town. Could it be that this wonderful change had been brought about by reading a Listerine ad and following its sensible suggestion? There was no other way of accounting for it."

DON'T TAKE A CHANCE

People who are popular . . . men and women who go places and see things . . . make friends and keep them, are almost invariably users of Listerine. They are too sensible to run the risk of having halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault.

Don't take the chance of offending others needlessly. Every morning and every night and between times before business or social engagements, rinse the mouth with Listerine.

Listerine instantly halts the fermentation of tiny food particles, said by a noted dental authority to be the cause of ninety per cent of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. The breath—in fact the entire mouth—becomes sweet, clean, and wholesome.

Don't rely on ordinary mouth washes which may be devoid of deodorant effect. Use only Listerine which deodorizes longer. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Tested and Approved 4602 Good Housekeeping Bureau GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

PUT YOURSELF ON THE SAFE SIDE . . . USE LISTERINE BEFORE MEETING OTHERS

JUNE 15, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 24

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

The ADMINISTRATION'S ATTACK on BUSINESS

AT the recent annual convention in Washington of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce caustic criticisms were flung at the administration for its attitude toward business. However, any intelligent efforts the government may make to remedy the evils of business are commendable. Business men are sometimes dishonest—at times their procedures are censurable and they should be appropriately penalized.

But fraudulent acts on the part of those who conduct business are no legitimate excuse for attacking business generally. There are all kinds of men in business—good, bad, and indifferent—and any governmental effort to destroy confidence in business will greatly retard business recovery.

But business leaders everywhere will applaud anything the government may do to search for and punish those who are guilty of dishonest practices. Such men not only rob their patrons at every opportunity but they are usually unfair to their employees. It might be pointed out, however, that only in rare instances are men of this type successful in business. Such principles when followed in building a business usually lead to failure.

This great nation has been built up, made powerful, through the genius of our great leaders in the business world. It is men like Ford, Edison, Carnegie, Schwab, etc., who brought mass production into being and supplied the world with the products of their genius.

And to attack business as a whole is not unlike destroying a house because it is occupied by dishonest people. There might be nothing the matter with the house—it is the occupants who should be punished. Some people say this is a wicked world. There is nothing the matter with the world—it is the faults of the people in it.

If a town or a city were being disgraced by the presence of crooks and racketeers, no one would commend the policy of punishing the entire population for the faults of these criminals, and the fact we are trying to emphasize is that attacking business generally because of the associated evils is fundamentally wrong.

The evils in business should be removed whenever possible. Conscienceless scoundrels who prey upon the unsuspecting public should be apprehended. There are crooks in business, in politics, in the professional world. And one outstanding governmental duty is to search out and properly punish such criminals.

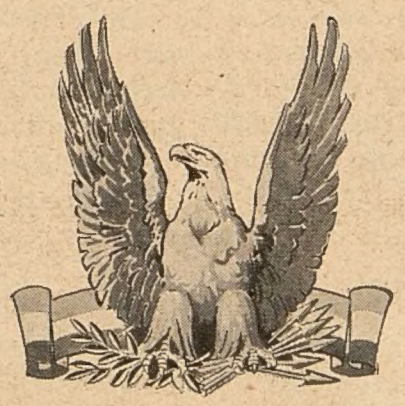
Every one of our citizens is supposed to be entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, as long as he obeys the laws; and governmental officials are supposed to protect these rights.

In years gone by we have proclaimed that this is a free country—free to do as we please as long as we do not infringe upon the rights of others. But gradually these privileges are being curtailed.

Laws, laws—thousands of them—are being recorded on our statute books. Even lawyers of ability are sometimes puzzled. And yet a judge will often say that ignorance of the law is no excuse.

We have been in the habit of boasting that honesty is the best policy. This slogan has been a guiding American principle. But in latter years it has had to weather the fierce storms which came with the huge profits of racketeering and bootlegging.

In our attempt to punish the guilty we should make an even greater effort to protect those who are innocent of wrongdoing. And governmental procedure at times is not unlike the man who destroys his house in order to clear out the rats with which it is infested. The idea of dividing the wealth through colossal taxes may be commendable according to the viewpoint of some of our citizens, but the prosperity which we are so desirous of securing can never be attained with a reasonable amount of permanency by such artificial methods. Wealth, to be of any value, must be earned. It is through the efforts which are made to earn rewards that the knowledge is acquired to retain and profitably use it.



—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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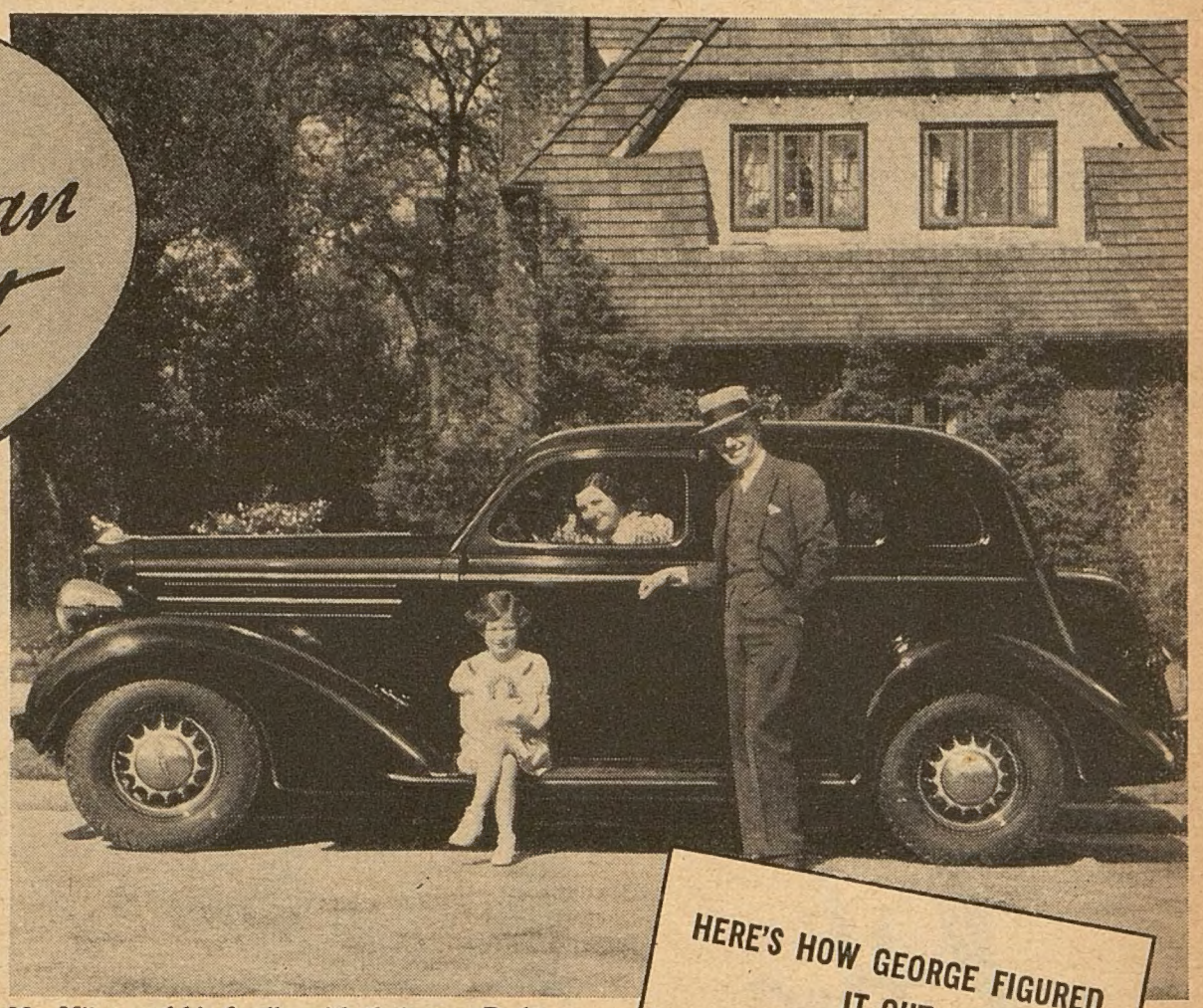
SAVED $104
BY BUYING BIG NEW DODGE

The Actual experience of an Accountant



Mr. Miley and his family with their new Dodge

As told by GEORGE F. MILEY
GLENDALE, LONG ISLAND

"A FEW months ago, I decided we needed a new car. But the rest of the family didn't quite agree with me. 'I don't think we can afford it,' my wife said. 'Better wait 'til later on. Besides, our old car is good enough for a while.'

"But I still wanted that new car, and being a figure-hound, I took a pencil and paper to dope it all out. I estimated the money I'd save on gasoline. My friends all told me they got 4 more miles to the gallon with the new Dodge, and I put that down as about a $70 saving. They said they saved up to 20¢ on every dollar's worth of oil, so I wrote in $7 for that.

Hails Economy Car

"Then there were other items. With Dodge hydraulic brakes I wouldn't need brake adjustments frequently. I knew also that Dodge saves money on brake linings and tires, so I listed that.

"With valve seat inserts, I knew valve grinding in a Dodge isn't necessary up to 30,000 miles or more. That's more savings. Rubber at 56 vital points means longer life and fewer repairs. Floating Power engine mountings smother vibrations that slowly shake ordinary cars to pieces.

"Altogether, I added up $104—an out-and-out saving. With that evidence I was able to convince myself and my family that buying a Dodge was really a thrift movement—and it has turned out to be exactly that. I never dreamed any car could be operated for so little cost as my big, new Dodge."

DODGE DIVISION—CHRYSLER MOTORS

This advertisement endorsed by the Department of Engineering—Chrysler Motors

HERE'S HOW GEORGE FIGURED IT OUT

GASOLINE	
OIL	$70
BRAKES	7
VALVES	5
GENERAL UPKEEP	12
	10
TOTAL	$104

READ WHAT OTHER OWNERS SAY

"This big, roomy Dodge began to show 22 miles to the gallon of gas," says Frank F. Hill, East Orange, N.J. "I figure the economy features will save upward of $100."

"Over a distance of 287 miles, averaged 26 miles to the gallon of gas, at 35 miles per hour," writes Mrs. Charles E. Hans, Royal Oak, Mich., of her 1935 Dodge.

"21 miles per gallon of gasoline — that's what I'm getting with my new Dodge," says O. A. Kleinman, Chicago, Ill., "more than I've gotten with any car before."

"First experience with Dodge was in World War," says Norton F. Seeley, Burlington, Ia. "On my return home I purchased first Dodge: today am driving 13th."

New-Value
DODGE $645*

*NEW-VALUE DODGE: Coupe $645, 2-door Sedan $690, Rumble Seat Coupe $710, Touring Sedan (2-door, with built-in trunk) $715, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door, with built-in trunk) $760, Convertible Coupe $770. Special 128" w.b. 7-passenger Sedan $995. Dodge Trucks $365 and up. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

"Take your clients and get out of here," Mason said. "That cat stays in the house, or you're going to have a fight—all three of you!"

Beginning

A New Feast of Thrills and Mystery . . . The Liveliest, Most Baffling, and by All Odds BEST of the Perry Mason Detective Novels . . .

The Case of the CARETAKER'S CAT

by ERLE STANLEY

WHO WROTE FOR LIBERTY THE CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG AND

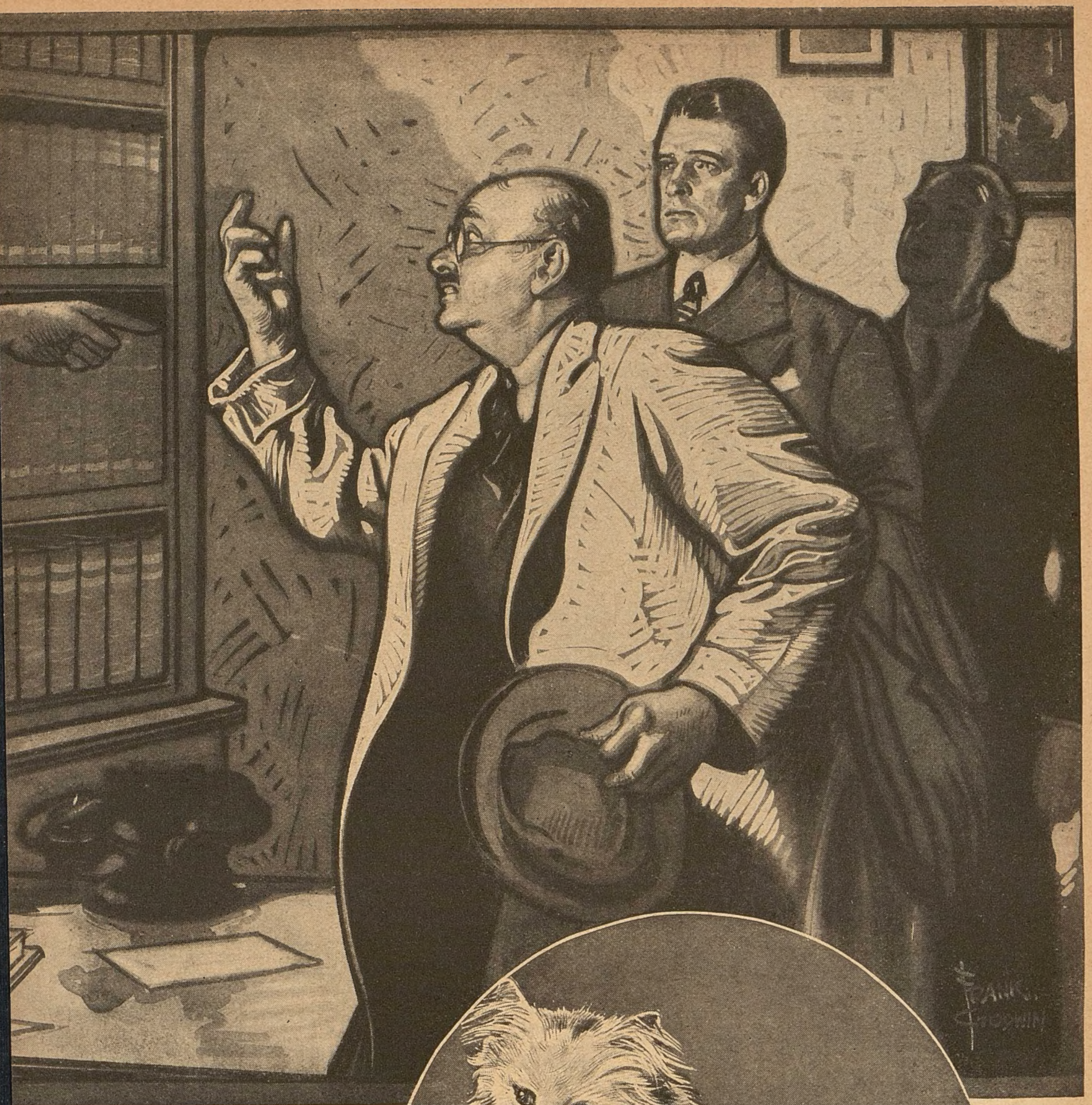
READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

PERRY MASON, criminal lawyer, frowned at Carl Jackson, one of his assistants. At the corner of the desk, knees crossed, pencil poised over an open notebook, Della Street, Perry Mason's secretary, regarded both men with level eyes. Mason held in his hand a memorandum.

"It's about a cat, eh?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Jackson said. "His name is Ashton. He insists upon seeing you personally. He's about sixty-five. Shriveled leg and a crutch. He said he was in an automobile accident about two years ago. Laxter, his employer, who was driving the car, had his right leg broken just above the knee. I think he was sixty-two at the time of his death, but his leg healed up okay. Ashton got a broken hip. He's been on crutches ever since.

"Laxter's will stipulated that the beneficiaries under his will should give Ashton a perpetual job as care-



CAT

GARDNER

THE CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE

taker so long as he was able to work, and furnish a home for him when he was no longer able to work."

Perry Mason said, frowning, "That's an unusual will, Jackson." The young lawyer nodded agreement. "This man Laxter was a lawyer. He left three grandchildren. One of

them, a girl, was completely cut off by the will. The other two divided the property share and share alike."

"How long's he been dead?"

"About two weeks, I think."

"Laxter . . . Laxter . . . wasn't there something in the paper about him? Didn't I read something about a fire in connection with his death?"

"That's right, sir. Peter Laxter. He was said to be a miser. He certainly was eccentric. He had a mansion here in the city and wouldn't live in it. He left this man Ashton in charge as the caretaker. Laxter lived in a country house at Carmencita. The house caught fire at night, and Laxter was burned to death. The three grandchildren and several servants were in the house at the time. All escaped. Ashton says the fire started in or near Laxter's bedroom."

"The caretaker there at the time?" Mason asked.

"No. He was in the city house."

"The grandchildren living there now?"

"Two of them are—the two who inherited. Samuel C. Laxter and Frank Oafley. The granddaughter, who was disinherited, Winifred Laxter, isn't there. No one knows where she is."

"Specifically, what's Ashton's trouble?"

"Sam Laxter admits he's obligated, under the will, to furnish Ashton with a job as caretaker, but claims he isn't obligated to keep Ashton's cat in the house. Ashton has a big Persian cat. He's very much attached to it. Laxter's served notice that Ashton can either get rid of the cat, or it'll be poisoned. Shall I tell Mr. Ashton we can't handle it?"

"Has he any money?"

"I don't think so. Under the will he was left a perpetual job as caretaker. The job pays him fifty dollars a month and his board and room."

"And he's an old man," Mason remarked.

DELLA STREET, more familiar with Mason's moods than the assistant attorney, entered the conversation:

"You just finished a murder case, chief. Why not let the assistants handle things while you take a cruise to the Orient? It'll give you a rest."

"An old man," Mason said, almost musingly, "a crank . . . probably friendless. His benefactor is dead. The cat represents the only living thing to which he's attached. One of those cases that seem so trivial to the lawyer but mean so much to the client. A lawyer isn't like a shopkeeper who can sell his wares or not as he chooses. He holds his talents in trust for the unfortunate."

Della Street, knowing what was to come, nodded to Jackson and said, "You may ask Mr. Ashton to step in."

Jackson gave a halfhearted smile, gathered up his papers, and left.

The man who entered the room a moment later was wizened with age. He had thin lips, bushy white eyebrows, a bald head, and unsmiling

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN

features. "This is the *third* time I've been in to see you," he said irritably.

Mason indicated a chair. "Sit down, Mr. Ashton. I'm sorry. I've been trying a murder case. What's the name of your cat?"

"Clinker," Ashton said, sitting down in the big overstuffed black leather chair, standing his crutch straight in front of him, holding to it with both hands.

"Why Clinker?" Mason asked.

THE man's lips and eyes remained serious. "A bit of humor. I used to have a job firing a boiler. Clinkers get in the way and clutter things up. When I first got the cat, I called him Clinker because he was always in the way—always cluttering things up."

"Tell me about your troubles," Mason invited.

"The master was burned to death when the country home caught fire. I didn't know about it until they telephoned me the next morning. After the death, Sam Laxter took charge. He's a nice boy to look at, and he'll fool you if you let him, but he doesn't like animals and I don't like people who can't get along with animals."

"Who was in the house at the time it burned?" Mason asked.

"Winifred—that's Winifred Laxter. She's a granddaughter. Then there was Sam Laxter and Frank Oafley—they're grandsons. Mrs. Pixley was there—she's the housekeeper. And there was a nurse—Edith DeVoe. And Jim Brandon, the chauffeur. He toadies around to Sam Laxter."

Ashton pounded on the floor with the tip of his crutch to emphasize his disgust.

"Who else?" Mason asked.

Ashton checked off the people he had named on his fingers, then said, "Nora Abbington."

"What's she like?" Mason asked.

"A big cow," Ashton said. "A docile, trusting, good-natured, big-eyed clod. But she wasn't there when the house burned. She came in and worked by the day."

"After the house burned there was no more work for her?" Mason inquired.

"That's right. She didn't come any more after that."

"Then I presume we can eliminate her from the picture. She really doesn't figure in the case."

"Wouldn't," Ashton said significantly, "if it wasn't that she was in love with Jim Brandon. She thinks Jim's going to marry her when he gets money. Bah! I tried to tell her a thing or two about Jim Brandon, but she wouldn't listen to me."

"How does it happen you know these people so well if you were in the city house and they were out in the country?"

"Oh, I used to drive out once in a while."

"You drive your own car?"

"No, one that the master kept in the house for me. I'd drive out to see him when he wanted to give instructions. He hated to come to the city."

"Your bad leg doesn't keep you from driving?"

"No, not that car. It has a special emergency brake on it. When I pull up on that brake lever the car stops."

"Why wasn't Winifred provided for in the will?" Mason asked.

"No one knows."

"You were in charge of the house here in the city?"

"That's right."

"What's the address?"

"3824 East Washington."

"You're still there?"

"Yes—and so's Laxter, Oafley, and the servants."

"And they object to the cat?"

"Sam Laxter does. He's the executor. He's told me to get rid of the cat or he'll poison it."

"Has he given any reason?"

"HE doesn't like cats. He doesn't like Clinker especially. I sleep in the basement. I keep the basement window open. Clinker jumps in and jumps out—you know how a cat is. When it's raining, he gets his feet dirty. Then he jumps in through the window and gets my bed muddy."

"The window is over your bed?" Mason inquired.

"That's right, and the cat sleeps on my bed. Sam Laxter says it runs up the laundry bill, getting the bedspreads all mussed up. . . . Laundry bills! He throws away enough in one night at a night club to pay my laundry bills for ten years!"

"Rather a free spender?" Mason asked good-naturedly.

"He was—he isn't so much now."

"No?" Mason inquired.

"No; he can't get the money."

"What money?"

"The money the master left."

"I thought you said he left it share and share alike to the two grandchildren."

"He did—what they've been able to find."

"They haven't been able to find it all?" Mason asked, interested.

"A bit before the fire," Ashton said, as though the recital gave him great satisfaction, "the master made a complete cleanup. He cashed in something over a million dollars. No one knows what he did with that money. Sam Laxter says he buried it somewhere, but I know the master better than that. I think he put it in a safety-deposit box under an assumed

name. He didn't trust the banks. He lost some money in a bank a couple of years ago. Once was enough for the master."

"A million dollars in cash?" Mason asked.

"Of course it was in cash," Ashton snapped. "What else would he take it in?"

Perry Mason glanced at Della Street.

"How about Winifred—you say she's disappeared?"

"Yes, she pulled out. I don't blame her. The others treated her shameful."

"How old are the grandchildren?"

"Sam's twenty-eight; Frank Oafley's twenty-six; Winifred's twenty-two—and a beauty! She's worth all the rest put together. Six months ago the master made a will leaving her everything and cutting off the other two grandchildren with ten dollars each. Then, two days before he died, he made this new will."

"Just how much money did you plan to spend in enforcing your rights to keep Clinker?" Mason asked speculatively.

Ashton whipped a billfold from his pocket, pulled out a sheaf of bills.

"I'm not a piker," he said. "Good lawyers come high. I don't want anything but the best. How much is it goin' to cost?"

Mason stared at the thick bundle of bills.

"Where did you get all that money?" he asked curiously.

"Saved it. I don't have any expenses, and I've been saving my salary for twenty years. I've put it in gilt-edged stuff—stuff that the master recommended—and when the master cashed in, I cashed in."

"What are Laxter's initials?" Mason asked.

"Samuel C."

"Perhaps," Mason told him, "a letter will be all that's necessary. If that's the case, it isn't going to cost you much."

HE turned to Della Street.

"Della," he said, "take a letter to Samuel C. Laxter, 3824 East Washington Street. Dear Sir: Mr. Ashton has consulted me . . . no, wait a minute, Della, better put his initials in there—I've got them here on the memo . . . Charles Ashton, that's it . . . has consulted me with reference to his rights under the will of the late Peter Laxter. Under the provisions of that will, you were obligated to furnish Mr. Ashton with a position as caretaker during the period of his ability to work in that capacity.

"It is only natural that Mr. Ashton should wish to keep his cat with him. A caretaker is entitled to pets. This is particularly true in the present case, because the pet was maintained during the testator's lifetime.

"In the event you should injure Mr. Ashton's pet it will be necessary for me to contend that you have breached a condition of the will and

have, therefore, forfeited your inheritance."

Perry Mason grinned at Della Street. "That should throw a scare into him," he remarked. "If he thinks he's fighting over his entire inheritance instead of just a cat, he'll decide not to take any chances."

He turned to Ashton, nodded reassuringly. "Leave ten dollars with the bookkeeper as a retainer. She'll give you a receipt. If anything develops I'll write to you. If you find out anything, ring up this office and ask for Miss Street—she's my secretary. You can leave any messages with her. That's all for the present."

ASHTON'S gnarled hands tightened about the crutch. He pulled himself to his feet, slipped the crutch under his arm. Without a word of thanks or farewell, he hobbledy-banged from the office.

Della Street closed her notebook, started toward her own office, paused at the window to look down at the busy street.

"Probably he's just peculiar," Mason said. "He certainly is a shriveled-up specimen. . . . Don't lean too far out there, Della. . . . Regardless of what age he claims, he must be more than seventy-five. . . ."

Della Street straightened. With a quick twist of her lithe body she turned to face Perry Mason. She was frowning. "It might interest you to know," she said, "that some one is shadowing your cat-loving client."

Perry Mason shoved back his chair as he got to his feet, strode across the office. He braced himself with one arm on the window ledge, the other around Della Street's waist.

Together they stared down at the street.

"See?" she said. "That man with the light felt hat. He darted out of a doorway. See, he's getting into that car."

Ashton hobbled around the corner, to the left. The car followed him, apparently crawling in low gear.

Mason, watching the car in frowning speculation, said, "A million dollars in cash is a whale of a lot of money." . . .

Morning sun, streaming in through the windows of Perry Mason's private office, struck the calfskin bindings on the shelved lawbooks and made them seem less grimly foreboding. Della Street, opening the door from her secretarial office, brought in a file of mail and some papers.

"Mr. Nathaniel Deerborn Smith is in the outer office waiting to see you," she said.

Perry Mason frowned. "Smith?" he said. "Why, he's a damn jury briber—a pettifogger. He poses as a big trial lawyer, but he's a bigger crook than the people he defends. Any damn fool can win a case if he has the jury bribed. What the devil does *he* want?"

"He wishes to see you in regard to a letter you wrote. His clients are with him—Mr. Samuel C. Laxter and Mr. Frank Oafley."

Mason pulled the file of mail over toward him. He looked at a folder, and frowned. "What's this?" he asked.

"Quotations from the N. Y. K. Line on a de luxe single stateroom on the Asma Maru—stops at Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, and Hong Kong."

"Who made the inquiry?"

"I did."

Perry Mason laughed and pushed the pile of mail away.

"We'll let it wait," he said, "until after we've disposed of Smith. You sit right there and if I nudge your knee, start taking notes. Smith's a pretty slippery customer."

He lifted the telephone, said to the girl at the desk, "Send Mr. Smith in."

Della Street made one last appeal. "Oh, *please*, chief, let Jackson handle it. You'll get into an argument and the first thing we'll know, you'll be putting in all of your time fighting over a cat."

THE door opened. The three men pushed into the room. Smith, small-boned and active, was in the lead, bustling about like a sparrow peering under dead leaves. "Good morning, counselor, good morning, good morning. Going to be warm today, isn't it?" He bustled across the room, hand outstretched. His lips twisted back, disclosing a mouth full of teeth, between each two of which was a well-defined space.

Mason, seeming to tower high above the little man, extended a reluctant hand and said, "Which is Laxter and which is Oafley?"

"Yes, yes, yes, of course, of course," Smith said. "This is Mr. Laxter—Mr. Samuel C. Laxter. He's the executor of the will—a grandson of Peter Laxter."

A tall man with dark skin, smoldering black eyes, and hair which had been carefully marceled smiled with that oily affability which speaks of poise rather than sincerity. A large cream-colored Stetson hat was held in his left hand.

"And this is Frank Oafley. Frank Oafley is the other grandson, counselor."

Oafley was yellow-haired and thick-lipped. His face seemed unable to change its expression. His eyes were the peculiar watery blue tint of raw

oysters. He had no hat. He said nothing.

Smith sank in the big overstuffed leather chair and said, "You can't make it stick. It's a matter of principle with us. We'll fight to the last ditch. But it's a serious matter, all right."

"What's a serious matter?" Mason asked.

"Your contention about that being a condition in the will."

"And what's the matter of principle?" Mason inquired.

"Why," Smith remarked, showing surprise, "the cat, of course. We can't stand it. But, more than that, we can't stand to have this caretaker start dictating."

"Has it ever occurred to you," Mason asked, letting his eyes shift from Smith's face to the faces of the two grandchildren, "that you folks are making a mountain out of a molehill—"

"Not so fast, counselor, not so fast," Smith broke in, sliding forward on the smooth leather of the chair until he sat on the very edge of it. "It's going to be a hard fight; it's going to be a bitter fight. I've warned my clients of that. You're a resourceful man. If you don't mind the expression, I'll say you're a cunning man."

Mason's face was momentarily becoming more granite-hard.

Smith went on, speaking rapidly, "I warned my clients that Winifred was going to try to break the will. She couldn't claim the grandfather was of unsound mind, and there's no question of undue influence. So she had to get something she could tie to, and she picked on Ashton and his cat."

There was anger in Mason's voice. "Look here, Smith, cut out this flimflamming. All I want is to have the caretaker left with his cat. Your clients don't need to spend any money fighting."

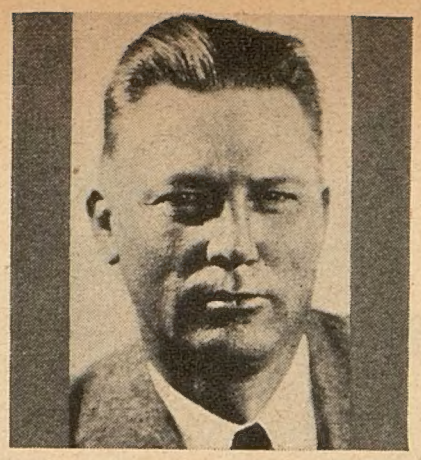
Smith's head bobbed up and down eagerly. "That's what I've told them all along, counselor. A poor compromise is better than a good lawsuit. Now, if you're willing to compromise, we are."

"On what basis?" Mason inquired.

SMITH recited his proposed compromise with a glibness which showed much rehearsal. "Winifred signs an agreement that she won't contest the will. Ashton signs a paper that he knows the will is genuine; that it was executed by the old man when he was of sound and disposing mind and memory; and then Ashton can keep his cat."

Sam Laxter, glancing at the growing rage of Mason's features, took a hand in the conversation. "Of course you'll admit you threatened to invalidate my inheritance. I know that wouldn't have come from Ashton. We've been expecting Winifred to contest the will."

There was something smoothly ingratiating in his tone, a suave smirking of the vocal chords which made his voice seem like the smile of a courtesan.



ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

was born in Malden, Mass., but was admitted to the bar in California, where he became known as a criminal lawyer. Always craving freedom from office routine, he began writing "Westerns" and detective fiction. Now he dictates and keeps three secretaries on the hop. Between whiles he hunts ardently with bow and arrow.

"All I want," Mason said, "is to have that cat left alone."

"And you'll have Winifred sign a complete waiver?" Smith asked.

Mason faced him. "Don't be a damn fool," he said. "You know I'm not representing Winifred. You knew that that letter of mine meant exactly what it said, but you knew you couldn't kid your clients into paying big fees over a cat, so you dragged in this will contest business. Not knowing Winifred and not representing her, I naturally can't get her signature to anything. You've frightened your clients into believing they've got to get Winifred's signature to a release. That's laying the foundation for a nice fat fee for you."

Smith came up out of his chair. "That's slander!" he screamed. "I'll sue you for slander."

"Sue, and be damned," Mason said. "Take your clients and get out of here. By two o'clock this afternoon you either notify me that cat stays in the house, or you're going to have a fight on your hands—all three of you!"

Smith pushed forward. "You can't fool me, Perry Mason. You're using this cat as a blind. Winifred wants to contest the will and—"

Perry Mason took two quick steps toward him. The little lawyer danced away, turned, and scuttled for the doorway. He pulled it open and shot through it.

"We'll fight!" he called back over his shoulder. "I'm just as tough a fighter as you are, Perry Mason."

"Yes," Perry Mason sighed, "you act like it."

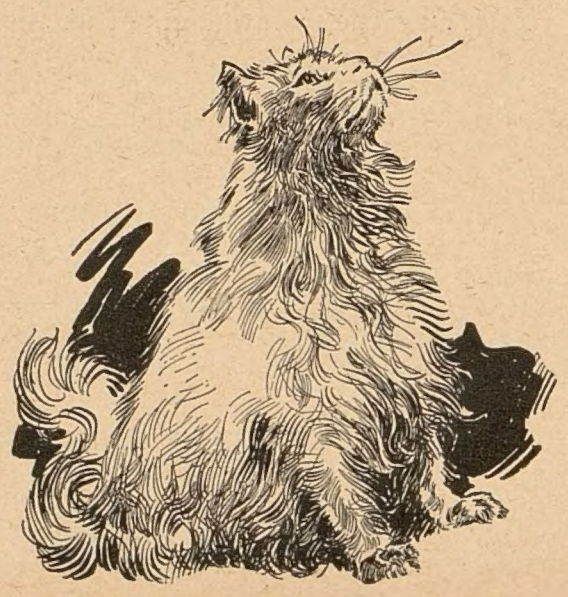
Samuel Laxter hesitated for a moment as though about to say something, then turned and walked out of the office, followed by Oafley.

Perry Mason met Della Street's smiling eyes with a grin. "Go on," he said, "say 'I told you so.'"

She shook her head.

"Fight that little shyster off his feet!" she said.

Mason looked at his watch. "Ring up Paul Drake and ask him to be here at two thirty."



THE clock on Perry Mason's desk showed two thirty-five. Paul Drake, head of the Drake Detective Bureau, sat crosswise in the big leather chair, his knees draped over one arm. His mouth turned up at the corners, giving an expression of droll humor to his face. It was as though he were on the point of breaking into a smile. His eyes were large, protruding, and glassy.

"What's the grief this time?" he asked.

"A cat, a Persian cat."

The detective sighed and said, "All right, then, it's a cat. So what?"

Mason explained the case, concluding grimly, "I'm going to break that will."

The detective lit a cigarette and said, in his slow drawl, "Going to break the will over a cat, Perry?"

"Over a cat," Mason admitted, "but really I'm going to break Smith, as well as the will. Smith's been setting himself up as a big-time criminal lawyer. I'm tired of it. He's a shyster, a suborner of perjury, and a jury briber. He's a disgrace to the profession, and he gets us all into disrepute."

"Have you got a copy of the will?" Drake asked.

"I'm having one made from the probate records."

"Where do I come in?"

"First, find Winifred. Then, dig up everything you can about Peter Laxter, and everything you can about the two grandchildren who inherit the property. I want action."

Drake's glassy eyes surveyed Perry Mason in expressionless appraisal. "There must be a lot of money in cats," he remarked.

Mason's face was grave. "I'm not certain but what there is going to be a chance to make some money, Paul."

He repeated Ashton's story of the million dollars which Laxter's heirs had not been able to find.

"Suppose it burned up in the house with him?" Drake asked.

"It may have," Mason admitted. "Again, it may not. When Ashton left my office, some man was shadow-

ing him—a man who was driving a new green sedan."

"Know who this chap was?"

"No, I saw him from the window. I couldn't see his face. I saw a light felt hat and a dark suit. Of course, there may be nothing to it; again, there may be. At any rate it's going to be a swell break for Winifred Laxter, because I'm going to smash that will for her. A prior will leaves everything to Winifred. If I break this will, the other will stand up and take its place."

"Going to have Winifred as your client?" Drake asked.

Mason shook his head, said doggedly, "I've got a cat for a client. I may want Winifred as a witness."

Drake slid his legs over the smooth leather of the chair, got to his feet.

"Knowing you as I do," he said, "I presume that means you want *lots* of action."

As Drake closed the exit door behind him, Jackson gave a perfunctory knock and entered the office bearing several typewritten sheets of legal-sized paper.

"I've had a copy of the will made, and have gone over it carefully," he said. "The provision about the cat is rather weak. It certainly isn't a condition relating to the vesting of the inheritance, and it may not even be a charge upon the estate. It's probably just the expression of a wish on the part of the testator."

Mason's face showed his disappointment. "Anything else?" he asked.

"There's one peculiar paragraph in it."

HE picked up the will and read from it: "During my lifetime I have been surrounded with the affectionate regard not only of those who were related to me, but those who apparently hoped that some fortuitous circumstance would include them in my bounty. I have never been able to ascertain how much of that affectionate regard was genuine liking and how much was intended to pave the way for an inheritance under my will. If the latter is the case, I am afraid my legatees are doomed to disappointment, because the extent of my estate will doubtless be disappointing to them. However, I have one thought to offer in the nature of a condolence and, at the same time, a suggestion. While those who waited impatiently for my passing merely in order to share in my estate are doomed to disappointment, those who had a genuine affection for me are not."

Jackson ceased reading and looked owlishly across at Perry Mason.

Mason scowled and said, "What the devil is he getting at? He disinherited Winifred, and he left all of his property to the two grandchildren, share and share alike. There's nothing in this paragraph which could change that. The million dollars he secreted would, even if discovered, pass as a part of his estate. Unless he'd made a gift of some sort before his death. And in that event, the

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15c FOR 20
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property would be owned by the person to whom it had been given."

"He might have made a gift in trust, you know."

Mason said slowly, "I can't help thinking of the sheaf of currency Charles Ashton had in his pocket when he offered me a retainer."

He picked up the telephone which connected with Della Street's office, and when he heard her voice on the wire, said, "Della, get hold of Paul Drake and tell him to include Charles Ashton in his investigation. I want particularly to find out about Ashton's financial affairs." . . .

The office workers had long since gone home. Perry Mason, his thumbs tucked in the armholes of his vest, paced the floor steadily. On the desk in front of him was a copy of the last will and testament of Peter Laxter.

The telephone rang. Mason scooped the receiver to his ear.

"How'd you like to listen to a report?" Paul Drake's voice asked.

"Swell."

"I'm down on the corner of Spring and Melton Streets. There's a waffle joint down here and we can have a bite to eat. I haven't had any dinner and my stomach thinks I'm on a hunger strike."

"Okay," Mason said, "I'll come down."

He switched out the lights, took a cab to the place Drake had indicated, and stared into the detective's pop-eyes. "You look as though you had something up your sleeve, Paul. There's a cat-licking-the-cream expression on your face."

"I'll tell you after we eat. I refuse to talk on an empty stomach. Here's the waffle joint. Come on in."

A young woman with dark hair, laughing eyes, and full red lips was presiding over a battery of waffle irons. The only customer in the place paid his check and left as Mason and Drake seated themselves at the counter.

"Two waffles," Drake said, "stripped with bacon. And coffee."

The young woman poured waffle batter, drew two cups of coffee, produced paper napkins, arranged silverware, put down butter and glasses of water.

Drake raised his voice, while steam simmered up from the waffle irons:

"Do you think you can bust Pete Laxter's will, Perry?"

"I don't know," Mason admitted.

"Seems funny that he'd have disinherited his favorite grandchild," the detective went on in a loud voice. "Sam Laxter went in for white lights and dissipation. The old man didn't like it. Oafley is a secretive nonsocial duck. The old man didn't care much for him. He's too damn negative."

The young woman behind the counter turned the bacon, flashed them a swift glance.

"It takes a lot to bust a will, doesn't it?" Drake persisted.

"An awful lot," Mason admitted wearily, "if you try to break it on the ground of undue influence or unsoundness of mind. But I'm telling you, Paul, I'm going to break that will."

A PLATE banged down on the counter explosively. Mason raised perplexed eyes to encounter a flushed countenance, straight determined lips, blazing black eyes. "Say," the girl said, "what kind of a game is this? I'm making my own way without asking odds of any one, and you came—"

Paul Drake waved a hand. "Perry," he said, "meet Winifred."

Mason's face showed such unmistakable genuine surprise that the indignation faded from Winifred Laxter's countenance. "Didn't you know?" she asked.

Mason shook his head.

"This is Perry Mason, the lawyer," Drake told the girl. "Heard of him?"

"Who hasn't?" she said, and colored.

She served the waffles.

Perry Mason's face showed surprise as he conveyed a piece to his mouth. "Where did you learn how to make these waffles?" the lawyer wanted to know.

"I studied cooking, and Grandpa used to like these waffles. When I found myself out on my own, I figured it would be a good plan to make waffles."

Drake nudged Mason's leg under the table and said, out of the side of his mouth, "Get a load of the bird looking in the window."

Mason raised his eyes.

Nathaniel Deerborn Smith, his lips twisted back from his separated teeth, was jerking his head up and down in an effusive salutation. As soon as he realized Mason had seen him, he walked on past the window.

Mason saw the puzzled expression on Winifred Laxter's face.

"Know him?" he asked.

"Yes. He's a customer. Been eating here for two or three days now. He had me sign a paper tonight."

Mason slowly placed his knife and fork by the side of his plate. "Oh," he said, "he had you sign a paper, did he?"

"Yes. He said he was a friend and that he knew I'd want to help carry out Grandfather's intentions."

"What sort of a paper was it?"

"I don't know. It was something that said I knew Grandpa wasn't crazy, that I was satisfied with the will, and wouldn't do anything to contest it. But of course I wouldn't have done that anyway."

DRAKE looked at Perry Mason significantly.

"Did he pay you anything?" Mason asked.

"He insisted on giving me a dollar. He said I'd have to take it to make it legal. He was very nice."

Winifred Laxter rested her hands on the shelf supporting the battery of waffle irons. "I take it," she said, "I've been trimmed. Is that right?"

Mason looked searchingly into her eyes. Drake nodded and said, "In a big way."

Winifred leaned closer to them. "Okay. Now let *me* tell *you* something. I don't care. I knew Sam Laxter had sent that fellow in here, and had a pretty good idea he was a lawyer. I knew he was trying to get me to sign away something, and I knew he was doing that because he was afraid I could make trouble.

"Grandfather wasn't a fool. He knew what he was doing. He decided to leave his property to the two boys. That's swell. It suits me right down to the ground. We, all three of us, had been living with him for years. We'd grown accustomed to having him pay our bills. When I was disinherited I had to get out and get to work. One of my boy friends decidedly lost interest in me as soon as he found out I wasn't going to have a million dollars or so in my own name. The other one is tickled to death, because he wants to support me."

Her flashing eyes stared steadily into the lawyer's for a moment; then, recognizing a kindred spirit, she broke into light laughter and said, "I'm glad you understand. I was afraid you wouldn't."

Perry Mason finished his waffle and pushed back his empty plate.

He handed her a dollar bill. "Put the change under the plate, if you will, please," he said, grinning. "How did you and Ashton get along?"

"Ashton's a great old crab," she laughed, manipulating the cash register.

Mason remarked with studied carelessness, "Too bad Sam won't let him keep his cat."

Dismay showed on Winifred's face. "Do you mean to say he isn't going to let Ashton keep Clinker?"

"That's it."

"But he can't put Clinker out."

"He says he's going to poison him."

Mason nudged Drake surreptitiously, started toward the door.

"Wait a minute," she called. "We've got to do something about that. He can't get by with that. Why, that's outrageous!"

"We'll see what we can do," Mason promised.

"But look here. You must do something. Perhaps I can do something. Where can I reach you?"

Perry Mason gave her one of his cards and said, "I'm Ashton's lawyer. If you think of anything that will help, let me know. And don't sign any more papers."

The door from the street opened. A young man of medium build smiled at Winifred Laxter, then regarded Perry Mason with a level appraising eye, shifted his eyes to Paul Drake, and suddenly became hostile.

He was a head shorter than the tall detective but he pushed up in front of him belligerently, stared at him steadily with gray eyes which didn't so much as flicker.

"Say," he demanded, "what's *your* game?"

Drake remarked casually, "Just eating waffles, buddy. Don't quarrel with the cash customers."

"He's all right, Doug," Winifred said.

"How do you know he's all right?" the young man retorted, without taking his eyes from Paul Drake. "He hunted me up this afternoon with a stall about going into the contracting business and wanting to have some one who knew architecture work with him. I hadn't talked with him five minutes before I found out he didn't know a single thing about contracting. I think he's a detective."

Drake, smiling, said, "You're a better detective than I am a contractor. You've guessed right. So what?"

The young man turned to Winifred. "Shall I throw him out, Winnie?" he asked.

She laughed. "It's all right, Doug. Shake hands with Perry Mason, a lawyer. You've heard of him. This is Douglas Keene, Mr. Mason."

The young man's expression changed. "Perry Mason," he said. "Oh—"

Mason's hand found Keene's right hand and pumped it up and down. "Glad to know you, Keene," Mason said. "Shake hands with Paul Drake."

As Mason released his grip of Keene's hand, Drake grabbed it. "Okay, buddy," he said, "no hard feelings. It's all in the day's work."

THE steady gray eyes surveyed the two men thoughtfully.

"Let's find out if it's all right," he said. "I've got something to say about this. Winifred and I are engaged. She's going to marry me. If I could support her I'd marry her tomorrow, but I can't support her and I won't let her support me. I'm an architect. Now I'm working in a service station, and darned glad to get the job. Today the big boss stopped at the service station without any one knowing who he was. And when he left, he gave me his card and a pat on the back for the way I was handling the trade."

"Good boy," Mason told him.

"I'm just telling you fellows all this," Keene said, "so you'll know where I stand, because I'm going to find out where *you* stand. I don't like the idea of you birds trying to slip something over on Winifred."

Mason's hand dropped to the young man's shoulder. "We're not trying to slip anything over on her," he said.

"What are you hanging around here for, then?"

"I want to get information," Mason said, "so I can represent a client."

"Who's the client?"

Mason grinned. "Believe it or not, but the client's a cat."

"A what?"

Winifred interrupted: "It's Charlie Ashton, Doug—you know, the boys have to keep him on as a caretaker, but Sam has threatened to poison the cat, and Mr. Mason's representing Ashton, trying to fix things up so he can keep the cat."

Keene's jaw set grimly. "Sam Laxter threatens to poison Clinker? Well, I'll be damned." He turned to Perry Mason. "Listen," he said, "I was going to keep out of that, but if Sam's pulling stuff like that, ask him what became of the Koltsdorf diamonds."

Winifred said sharply, "Doug!"

He swung to face her. "Don't stop me," he said. "You don't know what I know. I know stuff about Sam that's going to come out. No, don't worry, Winnie, I'm not going to bring it out; I'm going to keep out of it. It's Edith DeVoe. She . . ."

But can Douglas Keene keep out of it, and what did he mean by that odd remark concerning the nurse, Edith DeVoe? And where do the cat and the missing million fit in? Perry Mason needs all of his shrewd wits, and begins using them in the next installment in Liberty.

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KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

The author, who has to her credit twenty-six volumes of fiction and verse, three sons, and a daughter.

Is it safe

What Are the Facts?—Here Is a Revelation of Plain, Unvarnished Truths that Every American Should Know

by FAITH BALDWIN

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I HAVE had four babies, normally and without benefit of instrument, but it was borne in upon me recently that if I had known as much then about the high rate of mortality in childbirth as I do now, I would have been terrified. The cold hard statistics which I have seen lately inform me that the United States has the largest percentage of maternal deaths of any country. You do not very often, as a layman, see this in print. Instead, we print glowing and optimistic statistics to the effect that we have the tallest buildings, the largest number of schools, and the most automobiles per family in the world. But no one tells us "*and in addition 2,041 women died in childbirth in New York in three years.*"

These are not pretty figures, and they are not figures which any man or woman can afford to ignore. The reason for them must be asked, and a straight answer must be given. We have, we inform the world, the highest type of civilization. There's hardly a country on the map which cannot point to us with shocked derision in this matter of vital statistics.

The answer to all this is—inexpert medical care.

Such a statement is based upon the findings of a branch of the Committee on Public Health Relations of the New York Academy of Medicine, which studied the puerperal deaths and their attending circumstances in New York City during the years 1930, 1931, and 1932.

A report made subsequently by the New York Obstetrical Society does not question these appalling facts. It merely questions the conclusions drawn by the Academy, and the recommendations made. The Society feels that the doctor is blamed in too many cases.

This medical controversy has raged in New York. On the whole, laymen are unaware of it. But when they become aware men will ask themselves, *Will childbirth mean a death sentence* for *my* wife? And women will ask themselves, *Is it safe to have a baby?*

Now, the investigation in question covers one city only, but the implications are shocking in the extreme if we apply the New York ratios to the total population of the United States. If thousands of mothers are permitted to die in childbirth from improper medical care in the greatest city of this country, what woman who looks forward to the amazing, the fulfilling experience can feel herself secure?

Too much sentimentality is expended in pointing out to women the reward of pain, and too little practical advice is given them. Childbirth is a risk, a dark peril at its best. But it is a risk which should and can be reduced to the very minimum.

Another investigation, conducted along somewhat different lines, undertaken by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor and released, ironically, on Mother's Day, scrutinized 7,380 maternal deaths in fifteen states!

In order to ascertain the facts, the true significance of such statistics, Liberty asked the opinion of one of the greatest obstetricians in the United States, a man who performs miracles of skill and judgment in difficult complicated cases of childbirth. He has alleviated the agony of thousands of women.

This is his subject, one which lies very close to his heart. But the strict ethics of his profession make it impossible for him to speak freely except under highly restricted conditions. Publicity has no reward to offer him; he needs none. His identity therefore cannot be revealed, but I am permitted to quote him indirectly.

When he was asked if it was safe to undertake childbearing under present conditions, or whether our doctors were incapable of affording the best protection to expectant mothers, his reply was, Yes—and no. It was, despite its cautious phrasing, the only possible answer.

He admitted that the report of the New York Academy of Medicine challenged the medical profession and prospective parents and left the public in a quandary. And he agreed that deaths associated with childbirth were more numerous proportionately in the United States than in any other culturally ranking country. And he said that many could be prevented.

How many?

The figures of the committee revealed that 66 per cent of these women could have been saved, had they had the proper care.

SIXTY-SIX per cent! Needless deaths. Hideous deaths. The race must go on; the average woman longs, normally, to perpetuate herself, and to this end is willing to sacrifice herself. But the average woman does not realize that a greater sacrifice than mere pain and terror may be demanded of her. Therefore she sets her feet upon the long road, confident, for the most part, that the end of waiting and anguish will be the rosy flesh of a living child in her maternal arms.

But too often the end of waiting is six feet of earth.

The reasons for such a large mortality among childbearing women are many, according to the eminent obstetrician. One is medical incompetence. Interns without proper training or sense of responsibility have been given too wide a field of independent activity. But the patients themselves are also to blame, for one third of these deaths can be attrib-

TO HAVE A BABY?

uted to their failure to take advantage of the many available facilities safeguarding women during pregnancy and labor.

The Department of Labor reports that one fourth of the maternal deaths are attributed to the premature ending of pregnancy. More than half these cases followed attempts made by women themselves to avert motherhood. Women in general do not appreciate the brutal fact that the artificial termination of pregnancy by abortion is a very grave matter. And for this improper evaluation, this criminal thoughtlessness, women are frequently forced to pay with their lives.

The Academy's report attaches no small measure of the culpability to the modern tendency to make childbirth as painless as possible, and to the use of anesthetics even when the alleviation of pain is not absolutely necessary.

"The wide effect of the increased use of anesthetics," it says, "can only be guessed at, but the direct effect of the administration, in its tendency to lessen and enfeeble the expulsive power, must be reflected in an increased necessity for artificial assistance in delivery."

READING this report, I thought of the pioneer mothers who bore their children stoically, without outcry, in the wagons halted on their long trek westward. I thought of women enduring pain in lonely cabins, with no hands other than those of their menfolk or neighbor women to ease them over their bad time. I thought, as I have often thought before, that this is a generation which cannot take it; which flinches from life—from life's necessary and often salutary brutalities.

But the eminent doctor whom Liberty consulted was not in entire agreement with the findings of the Academy on this point. He felt that such an attitude was not entirely uninfluenced by the antiquated idea that the pain is a God-imposed ordeal which must be endured to atone for man's original sin. It seemed to him theological rather than medical. He did not feel that it had ever been demonstrated that the judicious use of anesthesia is detrimental to the patient. He stressed the fact that it is *misuse* of these merciful agencies which causes so much trouble, rather than the agencies themselves.

The Academy also looks upon the frequent recourse to instruments, fostered by anesthesia, as a peril in itself. It is stated that only one case in twenty requires operative interference, whereas a study of sixty-seven hospitals reveals that doctors resorted to instruments or surgical interference in almost one case out of every four.

It is further claimed that mortality is five times as high among the operative deliveries as among those which take place spontaneously, entailing more co-operation on the part of the mother and perhaps a longer period of time.

The Academy also takes issue with the tendency of present-day women to bear their children in hospitals rather than at home. According to the figures presented by the report, twice as many mothers die in hospitals as in homes.

And finally the committee appears to prefer the midwife to the doctor except in cases of certain pathological complications. This is not complimentary to physicians, since, of the fifty-nine midwives interviewed by the committee, only nineteen were judged competent and only twenty

"Woman sets her feet upon the long road, confident, for the most part, that the end of waiting and anguish will be the rosy flesh of a living child in her maternal arms."

ILLUSTRATION BY J. HENRY

THEY TOLD ME BY OLIVER

KY EBRIGHT, COACH AND TRAINER UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA CREW, OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS 1928, 1932 TOLD ME, "WHEN IT COMES TO PREVENTING SKIN IRRITATION GIVE ME OLIVE OIL EVERY TIME!"
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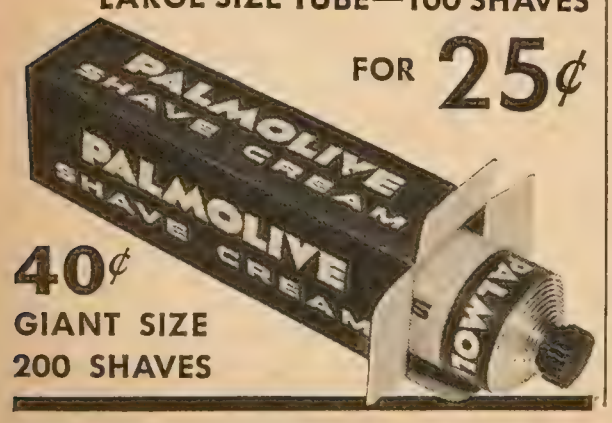
WHIPPED by wind and water—a crew man's face takes a beating! But so does *your* face—from your daily "razoring"!

So, to eliminate this razor rawness . . . to make sure that your face always stays in fine condition . . . we make Palmolive Shave Cream with just the right amount of Olive Oil. And thousands of trainers and athletes say that you can't beat Olive Oil for preventing skin irritation.

And because this unique Palmolive formula includes Olive Oil, you get a richer, thicker, creamier lather. Lather that stands up for fully ten minutes . . . never dries or wilts while it makes your shave smoother, easier, cleaner! Why not get a tube of Palmolive Shave Cream today?

LARGE SIZE TUBE—100 SHAVES FOR 25¢



more, fairly able! Such figures would naturally cause the prospective father to ask himself gravely, "How can I safeguard my wife's life? Will she be safer at home than in an institution, which I have been led to believe contains every protection for her and her child? Should I have a midwife rather than a physician attend her? Or, if she has a doctor, should he be one who attempts to relieve the agony of her labor or one who is merely nature's assistant?"

The doctor so well qualified to answer these questions was asked by Liberty to do so. Taking the questions in sequence, his answers follow:

Although the report of the Academy indicates that a very high proportion of maternal deaths occur in hospitals, it might as well be argued that most deaths from any predisposing cause whatever occur in bed. As Mark Twain said, bed must be the most dangerous place in the world—so many people die there!

Difficult obstetrical cases are often brought to hospitals even though the labor has begun at home. The easy and uncomplicated cases are allowed to remain at home. Unfortunately many of the complications are totally unexpected and require immediate efficient correction. In such cases the natural limitations of a home handicap the doctor, which may result in a melancholy conclusion. Any physician who has had the terrible experience of transporting a woman who has suddenly started to have a hemorrhage during labor, from her home to a hospital, carries this memory to his grave.

As to midwives, the obstetrician pointed out that nothing can lie like statistics. The Academy reported that only 2.2 per cent of maternal deaths occurred in midwives' hands while 61.6 occurred in the hands of physicians. But we must remember that if we compare the numbers of women dying in the care of physician and midwife with the numbers of women respectively delivered by each, the midwife comes off second best, despite the fact that her work is necessarily confined to the simplest cases.

IN the past few years there has been an increasing tendency to point to the marvelously favorable results obtained by midwives in the Scandinavian countries. Great Britain investigated the situation in Sweden and Denmark, hoping to discover the secret of their low death rate; and succeeded.

For in a report to His Majesty's Ministry of Health it is clearly set forth that the Scandinavian statistics are not comparable with the British or with our own because they are not computed on the same basis. If they were, the rates in these countries would be as high as either, if not higher. This is true despite the fact that obstetricians in Scandinavia are faced with much less difficult problems than those in Great Britain or the United States, as Scandinavian women are built on a more heroic physical scale and pelvic deformities which increase the obstetrical risk in Anglo-Saxon countries are extremely unusual. When difficulties arise Scandinavian women are treated by experts in hospitals. The midwife assumes the role of watching and waiting. If the baby is not delivered after a certain period of time, a specialist is called.

The obstetrician consulted by Liberty believes that a high percentage of mental or emotional instability in women is due in some measure to delivery without anesthesia. He feels that the unaided birth constitutes an acute shock. He compares two hypothetical women, both of whom have had babies. One has had no relief whatever and has been permitted to go through a protracted painful labor and delivery; the other has been, to a large degree, unconscious during labor and has been afforded every possible expert assistance.

THE former presents the picture of an exhausted creature, of lowered vitality and resistance, increasing her susceptibility to infection, who approaches her next delivery with the greatest revulsion and apprehension. But the resistance of the latter is generally unimpaired and she faces subsequent experience without fear, welcoming, in most instances, her future pregnancies.

As to twilight sleep, this obstetrician points out that the physician employing relief methods desires to obtain for his patient an unconsciousness during labor comparable with that of twilight sleep, but lacking the detrimental effects upon mother and child attributed to twilight sleep, which is no longer widely administered in the United States. The underlying theory has, however, been further developed. Some of the drugs used in twilight sleep have been combined with newer preparations to give the best results. Reports of many cases from great medical centers throughout the country indicate that these combinations have been used to the great advantage of the patient and with no ill effect on her or on the baby.

During the last decade it has become increasingly evident to experienced obstetricians that the subsequent health of the mother, as well as the immediate interests of the child, are best served by assisting the delivery of the head of the baby by the judicious application of forceps. In many instances this is a lifesaving procedure for the baby. It often shortens labor by many hours and prevents many unfortunate sequelae. *But the advisability of using forceps or drugs depends entirely upon the skill of the attendants.*

Although in incompetent hands various methods complicate labor, promote infection, and increase mortality, is this a reason for abandoning them when in skilled hands they expedite matters and save life? The logical answer stresses the need of insuring proper training for the attending

physician, that he may employ these methods to the patient's advantage and with the minimum of risk.

As it is, the doctor asserted, a medical student is taught to believe that he can deliver a child but cannot—without special training—remove an appendix. Yet the delivery of a child may present far greater difficulties than the removal of an appendix!

In the opinion of this specialist, the average general practitioner is at a disadvantage as compared with the midwife. Should complications arise the midwife, without loss of prestige, can call an expert, but the general practitioner, fearing loss of caste or of fee, or both, tries to muddle through.

Any physician, this expert agrees, is capable of handling ordinary labor, but who knows when a labor may become extraordinary? It is then up to the doctor to determine his own capabilities. The appalling maternal death rate reflects upon his power of judgment and exposes the frequency of his errors. He has office hours, which may delay his attendance at the critical moment; he thinks of the patients in his waiting room and may find it hard to concentrate upon his immediate problem.

BOTH the report of the Academy and that of the Obstetrical Society urge a higher elevation of the obstetrical art in medical schools, hospitals, and in the minds of the profession. When it has been impressed upon the student that the delivery of a baby is a very grave business, calling for rigid training and wide experience, the maternity death rate will materially decline.

Both reports and the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor emphasize another point: the great necessity of providing care for the pregnant woman. In that respect Russia, which makes special provision for expectant mothers, is more enlightened than are we.

The care of pregnancy should begin at the moment a woman realizes that she is pregnant. A complete examination should be made at once. There should be specific tests and analyses. Many things once veiled can now be determined from the blood and urine of the prospective mother. Pelvic measurements can foretell ease or difficulty of delivery. Prevention may save trouble—or a life; two lives.

The doctor spoke of one momentous birth injury. In his opinion, if the delivery of the baby afterward Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany had been entirely successful, he would not have gone through life with a withered arm, a handicap which not only embittered his own life but affected the destiny of the world.

Yes, the doctor concluded, it *is* safe to have a baby—with the proper attendance. But the obstetrician must inspect the hospital to which he takes his patients and see to it that every conceivable precaution is available. For there is room for improvement in hospitals as well as in the medical profession. There is also room for it in the attitude of parents.

All this does not, as the doctor himself pointed out, solve the problem of the woman who cannot afford high-priced specialists. In his opinion such a woman is best taken care of, if at home, by a midwife, provided the midwife calls a physician if any complication arises. He added that if general practitioners would refrain from obstetrics just as they do from major surgery, it would be possible to train more young obstetricians—who would not enter general practice.

Therefore, for the person of small means, the average bread-and-butter winner, the problem is allied with the question of making expert medical aid available to those unable to pay for it. This can be solved, but not without expenditure on the part of the community and the state. Each district should be provided with hospital facilities and a group of young highly trained obstetrical men who can render their services free or for a nominal charge. The diminished death toll, the increased health of mothers and children would more than repay this investment in humanity.

Such are the opinions of a man who knows what he is talking about. Any thinking woman must endorse them.

THE END

NOT so long ago it seemed as if the happy plans were going awry. Jack seemed uneasy, unwilling to go on. Doris was crushed by his coolness.

Then a true friend told Doris, "The thing which is troubling Jack is something you can easily correct."

Happy ending!

• • • •

It takes a true friend indeed to tell a girl that it is not pleasant to be near her on account of the ugly odor of underarm perspiration. It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day,* in just half a minute. With Mum!

You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know—*after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Remember, too, Mum doesn't prevent perspiration itself—just that unpleasant odor of perspiration which has stood between many a girl and happiness. Make Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

Will the Moon Fall Down on Us?

A Graphic Word-Picture of the End of the World as Science Now Says It Will Come—In 35,000,000 Years or So, Beware!

by DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

A FIERY meteor catapults itself through the sky. Its heat is so intense that it seems like a luminous tadpole even in the broad daylight. An aviator carrying passengers swerves his plane and escapes disaster.

This happened only recently in California. The earth is subjected constantly to bombardments of such visitants from space. At least twenty million enter our atmosphere every day. Ordinarily, they are no larger than a pea, yet that is big enough to make their trail conspicuous at night. What we see are not meteors themselves but their fiery destruction. They go up in meteoric vapor for the most part. Very few last and strike the earth. One is buried in Arizona in the Canyon Diablo. Another seared hundreds of square miles in Siberia in 1908. All, however, are harbingers forewarning us of a cosmic disaster that is bound to destroy the earth.

Doomsday will dawn for mankind when, falling back upon its mother the earth, the moon will hurl not small meteors but whole mountain ranges upon our world. The earth itself will be doomed to return in a similar fashion to the lap of its mother the sun. The forces which will bring about these two catastrophes have been calculated with mathematical precision by Henri Poincaré, the great French mathematical physicist, and by Sir George H. Darwin, son of the man who gave us the Darwinian theory of evolution.

When we read of earthquakes in Japan rendering thousands of people homeless, or of gigantic floods destroying the lives of a hundred thousand Chinese, we are inclined to think that nothing like this can ever happen to us. We forget that San Francisco was virtually destroyed by an earthquake. But all these calamities will seem trivial compared with those that threaten humanity by the increasing proximity of the moon.

Long before the moon returns to the earth, its approach will cause floods of fire and water which will sink without trace our great coastal cities, leaving only vague memories of San Francisco, Seattle, and New York. Chicago and Detroit and other great inland towns will disappear. If the lunar catastrophe mathematically predicted by Darwin ever comes to pass, there will not even be ruins left—much less any human beings.

The catastrophe will not be sudden. Under the influence of the approaching moon, the tides will rise so high that they will threaten the foundations of Manhattan Island. New York, or whatever daughter city may then taunt the heavens with her skyscrapers, will not be ready to surrender to the sea. Huge sea walls will be raised to curb the tumultuous floods—at an expense that will render insignificant the billions now spent for the relief of the unemployed.

But gradually the walls will be carried away, and the ocean will sweep over the city. Men will invent new methods of construction. They will live in high towers. But in the end they will be impotent to defeat the sea.

How do we know this? Because it has all happened before. The pyramids of Egypt, and similar structures that have been found in South America, were originally intended for a refuge from the gigantic floods. It was only a thousand years later that they became tombs of the dead and storehouses of ancient wisdom. The Tower of Babel was built to escape from the floods. It probably did not rise higher than the Chrysler Building, but it gave at least a temporary respite to a privileged few. However, in the end it was overwhelmed. During these great floods mankind fled to the highest places, carrying with them their most precious possessions. It is possible that some of the ancient records said to exist in the monasteries of Tibet, accessible only to adepts, predate the Flood.

Some German scientists tell us of three lost continents—Lemuria, Polynesia, and Atlantis. Other scientists believe that the basin now occupied by the Pacific Ocean is the scar left when the moon was flung off. However, the lost continents, especially the legendary Atlantis, appeal to the imagination of the poets.

Atlantis, we are told, was between Africa, Europe, and America, and had a highly developed civilization not unlike our own. Maya and Aztec civilizations and ancient Egypt contain monuments and the relics that reveal astonishing knowledge which was known to inhabitants of Atlantis, and which, except for such remnants, perished with them. The Atlantic Ocean and the Atlas Mountains, we are told, still bear its name. Its memory is also recognizable in the names of some Aztec chiefs. Atlantis, which had dominated the globe, was destroyed in a few hours when the polar seas swept to the equator.

Perhaps the tidal wave that deluged Atlantis was the same Flood from which, according to the Biblical story, Noah escaped on the Ark. The traditions of all races and all nations tell of a similar event when the waters of the ocean covered the earth and destroyed the handiwork of man. Formerly it was believed that these were merely legends. Now we know that they are records of prehistoric events. These great floods were caused by the nearness of the moon to the earth, some millions of years after the original catastrophe that was responsible for the parturition. Similar conditions will return when, according to inexorable mathematical laws, the moon once more approaches the earth.

Changes on our earth are as a rule so slow that we think of mountains, oceans, and our own habitations as permanent fixtures. Similarly, we consider climates fixed—not realizing that the equator will become as cold as the Pole, and that life may seek a refuge in the Arctic zone. It is difficult to realize that the axis of the earth is constantly shifting and that mankind is only slowly emerging from the last Ice Age.

For some time, measured in thousands of years, the temperate zones will become hotter and the Arctic zones colder. Then the process will reverse itself, and another

Mountains explode on the moon. The sky is aflame. Oceans boil. The end comes when the moon is rent asunder.

ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHEN GROUT

glacial age will hold the entire earth in its icy grasp. No one can foretell how much of our civilization may be able to survive these changes of temperature.

In the history of the earth ten thousand years equals one day. That is why man, whose memory goes back only a few thousand years, finds it difficult to visualize the instability of his abode.

THE earth, slowing up like a clock owing to the resistance of the moon, loses $\frac{1}{240,000}$ of a second every day as it revolves around the sun. This amounts in thirty-six centuries to one hour. Thirty-six hundred years from now the day will be one hour longer than now. When Jesus was crucified nearly 2,000 years ago, the day was about half an hour shorter than its present length.

It is difficult to express these things in intelligible terms, because there is no standard of measurement. All we know is that in the universe, with the possible exception of the speed of light, all things are relative. In the words of an ancient Greek, Heraclitus the Obscure, "everything flows." Everything changes, even if the change is not perceptible to us. No one, as Heraclitus said, can bathe twice in the same river.

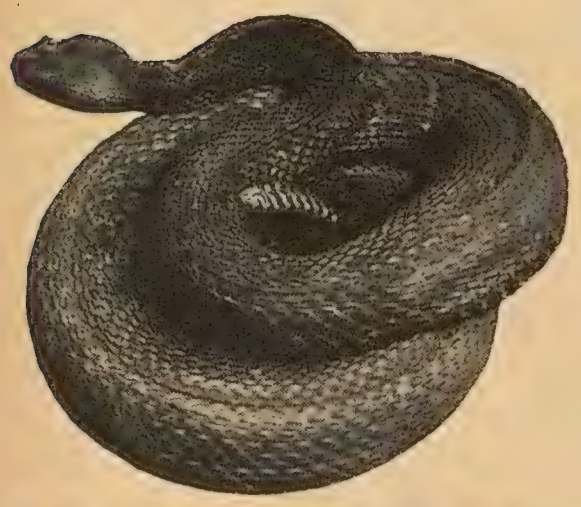
The moon is moving around the earth not in a circle but in a spiral, somewhat like the spiral of a phonographic disk. At present it is moving from the center to the rim. When it reaches the limit, it will reverse itself and draw ever closer to the center. All stars travel in a similar fashion. In the end all draw nearer to the body around which they circle.

It was three, possibly five, billion years ago that the moon left its abode in the globe. This is a long time measured by human standards, but a short time measured against eternity. It is impossible at present to predict the precise moment when it will approach the earth again. Year by year the month will grow shorter; year by year the day will grow longer. Eventually the day will be as long as the month, and the month as short as the day. That will be the period for the reunion between the earth and her vagrant daughter.

Some German scientists do not accept the theory that the moon was once part of the earth. They look upon it as a captive planet which once had a course of its own but, through some Uranian accident, came too close to the earth and was captured by its force of gravity. The capture of the moon produced the catastrophes, according to them, which other scientists attribute to its expulsion from the earth. At all events, the moon seems to be the culprit responsible for the major convulsions on our planet. Most scientists today lean to the view advocated by Darwin and Poincaré. Both assume that the moon was once a part of the earth, although they hold different theories to account for its expulsion. All scientists agree as to its ultimate fate.

There is a generally accepted theory that some three thousand million years ago our sun walked its solitary way in what is now our universe. Then some Gigantic

WATCH YOUR STEP!



A RATTLER WARNS—
ATHLETE'S FOOT DOESN'T

YOUR chances of meeting the fellow in this picture are, probably, not many. His nerve-jarring *whir-r-r* is confined to few localities. But, spread through every state in the Union, in homes and in clubs, is a dreaded fungus which lies in wait for your unwary barefoot step.

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This fungus spins its invisible web of misery across your path. It chooses the very places you go for cleanliness: your own bathroom, the decks of swimming pools, diving boards, shower baths at gym or club.

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And, shortly you notice itching between your toes. White blisters appear. Excessive moisture, redness, swelling, pain—any of these signs may mean you are a victim of Athlete's Foot.

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Inspect your feet every night, especially during warm weather. At the first sign douse on cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. night and morning. Do not stop treatment until all danger is past. Boil socks fifteen minutes to prevent reinfection. Remember, it's really thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. For a free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

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Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness and SUNBURN

Wanderer from space came along, a colossal star, and, crossing the orbit of the sun, exerted upon that heavenly body a powerful and irresistible attraction. The sun was held to its course by the laws of its being, but, in the commotion raised, titanic tides of incandescent matter and geysers of gas millions of miles high were drawn from it. The gas condensed into mighty drops of fire. These drops became the planets and their satellites. The Wandering Intruder passed on.

The planets and satellites spun around the sun. The fastest spinner of all was our earth. The year was as long as it is now, but the spinning of the axis was faster. The days of the year were 1,800 instead of 365.

Remember that the newborn earth was at first a mass of gas. It was cooling. Because it was cooling it was also shrinking. The shrinking caused it to spin faster and faster. As a result, it bulged at the equator and became flat at the Poles. The sun, all this while, was also pulling on the earth, raising tides—sun tides. In other words, it was creating a bulge of its own, a bulge that traveled around the earth once in the course of a day. Simultaneously the earth was raising a bulge merely by spinning around the sun.

While the bulge created by the sun and the bulge raised by the earth did not coincide, all was well. But when through some cosmic accident or some mathematical necessity, the two bulges coincided, the combination proved too much for the earth. A bulge broke off, held only by a stem at first. Then the stem broke. The moon was born.

Through all these forces, the earth changed its shape. After the birth of the moon, it resembled a round face with a swollen cheek. It has not recovered completely even today. One cheek is still somewhat swollen.

IMMEDIATELY after the moon detached itself from the earth, it revolved around the mother planet at a grazing distance. The tidal pull exerted by each upon the other, and by the sun upon them both, caused the retreat of the moon from the earth; but other forces will eventually draw the moon once more closer to us.

The gravitational force of the moon is the chief cause of the tides' ebb and flow. It raises the waters of the ocean on the average three and a half feet; the earth crust also rises and falls and diminishes twice a day. New York, Chicago, San Francisco, are pulled up eighteen inches with the earth crust every twelve hours. Every twelve hours the Empire State Building rises and falls eighteen inches. The same is true of the smallest one-family house anywhere on the face of the globe.

In thirty-five million years the moon will appear twenty-five times larger than the sun. When it comes within two fifths of its present distance from the earth, there will be tremendous pulling strains. Lunar mountains will topple. There will be great avalanches. On the earth cracks will open in which cities will be engulfed. Earthquakes will shake the planet.

It is easy to imagine the terror of mankind. In the sky the moon is poised; not the moon that we see—a fifty cent piece held at arm's length—but an awe-inspiring moon covering an ever greater area. Huge rocks are attracted to the earth, some of them a mile in diameter. But for some centuries they travel around it in orbits of their own.

Then the inevitable downpour deluges our planet.

Astronomers have seen the end coming for a millennium and longer. The human race thousands of years ago retreated from the lowlands to the Rocky Mountains, the Himalayas, and other huge ribs of the earth that stick out from the waters. (It is conceivable there will be wars to find a place, not in the sun, but on a mountain range.)

AS the climax of the lunar catastrophe draws nearer, vast subterranean refuges dug beneath the North and South Poles shelter a few hundred thousand humans who manage to escape the terrific pelting from the awful moon above. What are their chances in a steaming ocean licking away at the Great Ice Barrier of the South, or the glaciers, floes, and icebergs of the North?

Mountains explode on the moon, and their fragments beat down relentlessly on all that men cherish. The sky is aflame with meteorites. The rocks and meteorites that are not wholly consumed fall down, bury themselves with loud explosions, and heat the surrounding country to thousands of degrees.

Forests burn up.

Oceans boil.

The end comes when the moon is rent asunder 20,000 miles distant from the earth.

The bombardment is more terrific than ever, and the heat engendered by the collision of fragments with the earth is such that nothing can withstand it. Around the earth revolves a ring of meteorites—all that is left of the moon.

What does all this mean to you and me? You who read and me who pen these lines? Sir Oliver Lodge, the great English physicist, thinks he knows the answer: "We," he insists, "are just as immortal as the planets. It is sometimes appalling to think that we shall be there when these things are happening. We shall be somewhere. We do not go out of existence. After all, these millions of years are but a speck in the ocean of eternity."

Others are less sure. Yet it is possible that, whatever *our* destiny, man may return to the devastated earth. Protoplasm may reappear, the slow upward climb of evolution begin once more, and the story of Genesis become a twice-told tale.

THE END

Atmosphere, Ambition, Antics

The Films Invade the Snow-Draped North, Ponder Matters of Business Zeal, and Offer Another Bag of Tricks by the Winsome Shirley Temple

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary	3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good	1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor	

★ ★ ★ THE CALL OF THE WILD

THE PLAYERS: Clark Gable, Jack Oakie, Loretta Young, Frank Conroy, Reginald Owen, Sidney Toler, Katherine De Mille, Charles Stevens, Sid Grauman. Directed by William Wellman. Story by Jack London.

JACK LONDON'S muscular history of a half wolf's struggles to resist the lure of wild life has been distorted on the screen to fit the very pleasing personalities of Clark Gable, Jack Oakie, and the lovely Loretta Young. Yet, though Twentieth Century uses only the frame of this virile tale for its screen exposition, The Call of the Wild comes as a well fashioned, often pictorially stunning movie which dashes along with a happy pace and many bright sequences.

For all its high-powered cast, the picture is, curiously enough, at its best when it is merely showing the scenic delights of the snow-draped north.

With the emphasis on general atmosphere rather than on characterization, the leading players are painted in primary colors,

Loretta Young and Clark Gable, who, with Jack Oakie, take the three leading parts in Jack London's The Call of the Wild

Gable and Oakie being two high-spirited adventurers hot after a fabulous gold vein. Mushing their way through the frozen wasteland, they come upon a half-starved and beaten Loretta Young, who looks excellently fed and who must have found a beauty parlor in back of some pine tree. Miss Young, it turns out, has just lost her husband and is in search of the same mine as Oakie and Gable. They form a three-way partnership, and with the money won by Buck, the dog, when he wins a bet by pulling a tremendous load a hundred yards, they outfit themselves for the hazardous journey.

That Gable and Miss Young discover not only the mine but love comes as no surprise. But when Reginald Owen—whose coldly calculated evil-doing marks the most thorough villainy of the season—threatens to jump their claim, and when Miss Young's supposedly dead husband reappears, The Call of the Wild takes a grati-

HEMORRHOIDS or Piles are one of the worst afflictions. They not only harass and torture you, but they play havoc with your health. They tax your strength and energy, wear you down physically and mentally and make you look haggard and drawn.

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fying step away from the standard pattern.

Disappointing in its lack of ability to capture the basic emotion of the book, The Call of the Wild stands as an unpretentious outdoor thriller which will please those who never read London. The dog, as has every one since the birth of pictures, steals all its scenes.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jack London was born poor to a hectic mental life in San Francisco, January 12, 1876. In his life was common sailor, unskilled laborer, longshoreman, tramp, socialist, student, gold-rusher, journalist, social lecturer, drinker, and dynamic writer. His favorite literary subjects were pugilism, the lower classes, the islands, the Klondike, and himself. . . . Leading dog King, who plays Buck, is a year-and-a-half-old full-blooded St. Bernard. He has never appeared on the screen before this role. It took two weeks for his trainer Carl Spitz to train him for the galloping snapshots. Three months ago Clark Gable refused to give $100 for King. Today Carl Spitz would refuse $25,000 for him, as King has made a fifth of that already in his first role. Spitz guides King entirely by silent gestures. . . . Picture cost around $450,000, sixteen carloads being required to move a full production crew to Mount Baker, Washington, to get blizzard and rough-exterior stuff. Company was snowed in forty-eight hours and had to work in anywhere from 20 below to 70 above. . . . Clark Gable once collected $1.30 for fourteen shows with a co-operative Portland, Oregon, stock company. . . . Loretta Young was born Gretchen Young. Her father was business manager for George Melford, director. Brother Jack was first in family to act, appearing with Wallie Reid.

★ ★ ★ OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA

THE PLAYERS: Pat O'Brien, Josephine Hutchinson, Jean Muir, Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron, John Eldredge, Donald Crisp, Ronnie Cosbey, Willie Fung, Tetsu Komai. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. Story by Alice Tisdale Hobart.

MRS. HOBART'S best-selling novel of a few seasons past, Oil for the Lamps of China, comes to the screen as an earnestly conscientious film that concerns itself with the many problems which arise when a young man devotes his life to getting ahead in a large oil company. Splendidly directed by Mervyn Le Roy and given capable performances by Pat O'Brien and Josephine Hutchinson, the picture is told in a series of brief episodic scenes that gather both power and feeling as the film climbs toward its climax.

His job taking him to China, Pat O'Brien willingly forsakes all the comforts of Western civilization, hoping that his work in Asia will prove a step upward in the company to which he has dedicated his life. Later, against the advice of his superiors, O'Brien marries and brings his wife to share the hardships of this new world. Together, working side by side, the couple give almost every breathing moment to the company. O'Brien, with perhaps misplaced loyalty, fires his best friend rather than allow slipshod work to pass under his supervision, and, finally, allows his child to die because business calls him away when he might have remained home to help.

With an ending too neatly worked out for complete realism, Oil for the Lamps of China stands as a sincere and generally honest study of expanding corporations and the men who make them, and supplies a worthwhile cinema evening.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is a Cosmopolitan Pictures production, owned and operated by William Randolph Hearst. Recently Mr. Hearst, for reasons undecided, picked up his old company and moved it, lock, stock, and plot, off the M-G-M Culver City lot and attached it to the Warner Bros. studios at Burbank, California. Affiliation with Warner Bros. means First National distribution for infrequent Cosmopolitan productions and favored publicity in Hearst papers. . . . Came-the-dawn ending tacked on to book, which ended with a tragic lift. . . . Entire Chinese village of Chow Yang—which is something like chow mein, only obscurer—built for picture. 500 Chinese extras recruited for five dollars' worth of yen from Los Angeles Chinatown, for atmosphere. . . . Studio built an entire swamp for Pat O'Brien to make his escape from the Chinese Communist general. Pat, you know, started as a chorus boy, and has recently seen his salary boosted to around $2,000 a week. . . . Josephine Hutchinson is wedded happily to James Townsend, a Hollywood agent. She gets about $10,000 a picture and makes three or four a year.

★ ★ ½ OUR LITTLE GIRL

THE PLAYERS: Shirley Temple, Rosemary Ames, Joel McCrea, Lyle Talbot, Erin O'Brien-Moore, J. Farrell MacDonald. Directed by John Robertson. Story by Florence L. Pfalzgraf.

THE industrious Shirley Temple is already out with another picture. The latest offering from this hard-working young lady is Our Little Girl, which has her singing lullabies, laughing, crying, talking to tramps, and finally reuniting her parents after a near-split-up of their marital life. In this Shirley is seen as a picnic-loving child whose father, Joel McCrea, is so interested in his career that he forgets all about his wife, Rosemary Ames, and neglects to take the little family on the usual outings.

A life without picnics is no life at all to Miss Temple. And when she runs away to philosophize with tramp J. Farrell MacDonald, he, in turn, talks it over with her parents, who soon see the error of their ways. From this slight plot Our Little Girl emerges as an engaging enough little offering that gives Miss Temple full play for all her baby antics. As happens eventually with almost all child performers, Shirley is growing a bit conscious of her charm and has begun to develop a few camera tricks of her own. But with it all she remains at the top of her highly specialized field.

VITAL STATISTICS: Shirley's reading is getting better, as is her writing. She still believes in Santa Claus even after a year of movie producers. She remains entirely unspoiled and content with the simple things of childhood. Some hold she will not fizzle out like other child prodigies but will mime right straight through to a ripe old Bernhardt age. This because she is a born actress, not a prodigy. If she gets through it'll be the first time in history. . . . Joel McCrea betwixt pictures rides the range on his 1,000-acre self-sustaining blooded-stocked Circle M Ranch within fifty miles of Hollywood. He made a profit in beef this year, what with the high prices. . . . Lyle Talbot and Rosemary Ames spurned doubles for their riding scenes.

★ THE FLAME WITHIN

THE PLAYERS: Ann Harding, Herbert Marshall, Maureen O'Sullivan, Louis Hayward, Henry Stephenson, Margaret Seddon, George Hassell, Eily Malyon, and others. Directed and written by Edmund Goulding.

THE FLAME WITHIN opens at a medical masquerade ball with doctors Ann Harding, Herbert Marshall, and Henry Stephenson grotesquely costumed and behaving in director Edmund Goulding's conception of the intelligentsia on a spree. When word comes that neurotic heiress Maureen O'Sullivan has just attempted suicide, Marshall and Stephenson, acting pretty cute in their clown outfits, dash out to save her life and later call in

psychiatrist Harding to restore the girl's mental balance.

Coated with much pseudoscientific claptrap, The Flame Within develops into an actively annoying bore. Miss Harding guides Maureen O'Sullivan to health and happiness, but winds up in a turmoil herself by falling in love with Miss O'Sullivan's alcoholic boy friend, interestingly played by Louis Hayward.

This richly mounted film is something less than second-rate. Beneath all its high-flown talk it is actually only a mawkish romance with ill-founded intellectual ambitions.

The supporting cast wallows about in vaguely motivated roles, and Miss Harding, smug as a student-body president, gives the picture its only laugh when she steps down from her elevated plane to whisper, "The thrum thrum thrum of the orchestra takes me right off the ground."

Why, Miss Harding!

VITAL STATISTICS: Director Edmund Goulding hangs on year after year most advantageously. At his lowest artistic and financial pitch he will suddenly come up with a tremendous box-office hit. Is highly paid, and recently shot Riptide in a few million feet, working out story with producer Irving Thalberg in pure film. . . . Dr. Josephine Jackson, Pasadena psychiatrist, psyched the script and the characters and put her seal of approval on it. Found all abnormality strictly normal. . . . Ann Harding had to get away from it all recently. Will try to arrange a half year of work in the film marts and a half year getting normal again. . . . The Girl Wrapped in Cellophane is Constance Kent, featured player of Elysia, the nudist picture the censors probably didn't let you see in your home town. . . . Henry Stephenson was born on the Isle of Grenada, British West Indies, and attended Rugby. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan was born in Boyle, Ireland. She likes tailored clothes. . . . Herbert Marshall is working on a scenario in which he hopes to appear. Says movies are merging English accent and American language, out of which there will come a new speech. . . . James Wong Howe, celebrated Chinese cinematographer, snapped the piktsch. One of the best still photographers in the world is a Japanese gardener on the Fox lot.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow.

★★★—Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is Snowdon?

2—Who was known as the father of homeopathy?

3—What is the difference between direct and alternating electric current?

4—How much coal is mined annually in Canada?

5—What name is sometimes given to the body of water separating Massachusetts and Nova Scotia?

6—What is the difference between a complement and a compliment?

7—In commercial law, what is an estoppel?

8—How many men are now serving in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police?

9—Who served successively as Secretary of Labor, Postmaster General, and Secretary of the Treasury under one President of the United States?

10—How do embezzlement and larceny differ?

11—What is meant by negotiable paper?

12—A semaphore is what?

13—Where is the author of Home, Sweet Home buried?

14—What is the St. Lawrence Seaway Plan?

15—How much gasoline does a railroad tank car carry?

16—Which caused the more deaths of United States soldiers during the World War—poison gas or measles?

17—What does the medical abbreviation *q. s.* mean?

18—What Canadian province is larger than England, Belgium, and Holland united?

19—A replica is what?

20—What people mentioned in the Bible were slain because they mispronounced the first syllable of a certain word?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

Styled for the dash of Youth

Allen-A Swim Suits

THE spirit of feminine youth has been captured in these gaily trimmed one-piece suits or vivacious two-piece combinations of pants and brassieres...in fine wools, French spun zephyrs ...spring-needle knit for perfect fit...novelty and plain-stitch fabrics...$1.95, 2.95, 3.95 and 5.00.

Men, these Hi-waist trunks with wide elastic tops and built-in supporters were designed *"in the water"* by swimmers for perfect fit and freedom. Various weights of fine wool, spring-needle knit . . . $1.95, 2.95 and 3.95. Also . . . wool shirts that *snap on any* Allen-A trunk... white, pastel shades, cross stripes...$1.00, 1.50 and 2.50.

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READING TIME
5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

The Lost Lariat

A Short Short Story

by PETER CARTWRIGHT

DAL CLINTON, big yellow-eyed and yellow-haired range wanderer, and Jimmy Thurston, athletic, pleasant-faced young foreman of the Bar-B Ranch, rode, that sunny warm October morning, "drag" on the big herd of cattle. Fourteen cow hands were driving five thousand four-year-old Brahma-Chihuahua steers westward across the flat east of Hudson Valley.

The steers were to be driven down-valley the next day and shipped.

Several hands rode "flank" and "swing." Others narrowed the "lead," preparatory to starting the cattle down the hill.

All those Bar-B hands knew that Dal Clinton, notorious for his success with gals, was insane about Jimmy Thurston's pretty young wife, Bessie. She, dark-haired, dark-eyed, dusky-cheeked, with a figure like a chorus girl's, cooked for the Bar-B hands. She laughed to blond good-looking Jimmy about big Dal's very apparent infatuation; but, while she ignored Dal, she was worried.

Dal, taken aback by this ignoring, nevertheless said to himself confidently, I've never failed yet with one of the critters.

Dal, always eying Bessie with the bold wanting looks of a cougar, had made the Bar-B hands sore. Red Carson, Jimmy's best friend, said hotly one day:

"Y'know, boys, that son of a gun would do most anything to get rid of Jimmy!"

The herd reached the hill leading down from the rimrock into the valley. The hands were trying to get the nervous touchy cattle started down it, when up the hill dashed a coyote, pursued by the Bar-B's half dozen yelping greyhounds. They ran right into the herd.

Instantly those five thousand steers were in wild stampede back eastward. They would have run down Jimmy and Dal—now, of course, in front of them—if the two had not spurred their horses hard. The men drew their guns, shot, yelled, trying their best to turn the cattle. But in vain.

Dal, his big roan racing neck and neck with Jimmy's black, saw that the huge dust cloud the steers raised hid the other riders. Jimmy, ahead, was watching over his left shoulder the pursuing cattle.

Dal, on the right of Jimmy, flashed his gun into its holster. He took his rope from his pommel, shaped a loop, and cast it straight in front of Jimmy's horse's fore feet.

It caught both of black Selam's legs. In a flash Dal whipped his end around his saddle horn—momentarily checked the roan. A jerk came; the black horse went heels over head. Jimmy catapulted twenty feet. The cattle, like a mad river in flood, poured over the black horse and Jimmy.

Dal's rope was yanked from his hands.

He thought frantically, The boys'll find it! And they'll know what I did! The cattle on his heels, he reloaded his gun, shot and yelled until the tiring breathless steers slowly turned northward, veered back westward, and milled. They stopped.

The dust rose a little and Dal made out the small mound of broken bones and bloody flesh that had been Jimmy. He rode up to it, saw that it was motionless—lifeless. Twenty feet away lay the carcass that had been black Selam. Dal's rope was nowhere in sight.

The cattle dragged it off, he thought. I can hunt it later.

The other boys were now visible, circling the cattle. Dal stood in his stirrups, cupped his hands, and shouted, "C'm here, boys—quick. Jimmy's been killed!"

They came in a hard run. They swung down about Jimmy. Stocky gray-eyed Red Carson began to cry. "I know wh-a-t d-o-n-e it. One of Selam's front sh-o-e-s was loose! While we were r-o-u-n-d-i-n-g up, he said to me, 'Selam's got a loose right front shoe, Red. I don't dare run him—'"

The others walked over to the black horse. Dal, motionless beside Jimmy, heard grief-stricken Red's "See—his right front shoe is gone."

Dal, light-hearted now, mounted and followed along the trail the stampede had taken. But nowhere could he find his rope. . . .

Bessie Thurston's dark eyes filled with a pitiable horror while they told her about Jimmy. Then she ran to her bedroom, threw herself on the bed, and cried her heart out.

It was after midnight when, down in the valley, the last gate of four huge corrals closed on the five thousand excited steers.

The hands were worn to a frazzle.

To rest a little before going to the cookshack for a cold help-themselves supper, they climbed up on the fence of the largest corral and sat there in the moonlight.

Suddenly Red Carson said, "Look! That steer—that big spotted fellow—has got a rope on his horns."

Dal commented coolly, "'Spect it's mine. I lost it this morning, whipping the cattle in the face with it."

"I noticed this afternoon you didn't have yours," Red said quietly. "I'll get it. It'll keep the other cattle stirred up." He jumped down inside the corral.

He pressed through the mass of hot cattle bodies loudly clicking horns, and stooped. He did not straighten for half a minute, and when he did his back was toward the other hands. He held the end of the rope and he snapped it twirlingly until it came loose from its weird wrappings about the big steer's horns.

He coiled the rope, then worked his way back to the fence. He climbed up beside Dal. The loop end of the rope was stuffed down inside his chaps.

"Dal, it's your rope all right," he said, his voice sounding hoarse, strained. "It's got a red thread in it. All the rest of us boys use a blue-thread rope."

"I said it was mine." Dal reached out for it.

But Red held on to the coil. Suddenly his hand flashed out and he plucked Dal's gun from its holster—threw it as far from the corral as he could.

"Dal," he blazed, his gray eyes boring into big Dal's startled yellow ones, "you roped Jimmy's horse! Roped him and killed Jimmy because you was crazy about Bes—"

"Why, you crazy fool!" Dal's laugh was shaky, vicious. "Why, damn you," he shouted, "my rope was no more on Selam than yours was!"

"Oh, wasn't it!" In the bright moonlight Red's strong face was hard, accusing with certainty. "I c'n prove you piled Jimmy's horse. You'll admit you lost your rope and that it caught on that steer's horns. That right?"

"That's right," agreed Dal. "But—"

"All right, blast you. Now I'll show you—and the rest of the boys here—that the other end of your rope *was on Selam.* Look!"

From under his chaps Red swiftly pulled the end of the rope—and in its loop was a horseshoe.

"Selam's shoe!" grated Red.

THE END

20 FREE TOURS OF EUROPE

$1,000 CASH IN PLACE OF TOUR, IF PREFERRED!

LAST CHANCE!

PALMOLIVE CONTEST

CLOSES JUNE 15TH

Just 3 cakes of Palmolive Soap may win you one of these thrilling tours!

20 lucky winners sail July 31 on world's largest ship

FRENCH LINE'S "S. S. NORMANDIE"

34 glorious days in 7 European countries... All expenses paid and $300 "pocket money" for every winner.

(AND 1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES)

THE time's so short! Don't delay . . . Don't miss this wonderful opportunity to get a free trip to Europe!

Palmolive's thrilling prize contest is so simple and easy . . . *anyone* can win. So hurry . . . Read all the rules . . . and enter right away!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Just write us a short, simple letter, accompanied by the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies) . . . That's all you need do to enter this wonderful contest.

Get your three cakes of Palmolive today. Try it . . . and see how this marvelous beauty soap will give *your* skin the thrilling loveliness that every man adores!

Every night and morning use this simple 2-minute beauty treatment . . . Massage Palmolive's rich, velvety lather into your skin. See how gently, but deeply, it cleanses your pores . . . Then rinse with warm water, followed by cold. Watch your skin grow lovelier, more radiant, day by day! Even before the third cake is gone . . . see what a marvelous improvement Palmolive has made in your skin!

OLIVE OIL... ITS BEAUTY SECRET

Why does Palmolive do such wonders for your skin? Because, unlike other soaps, it is made from precious cosmetic oils . . . a blend of soothing olive and palm oils . . . used by lovely women since Cleopatra's time to keep their skin exquisitely soft and smooth!

That is why Beauty Experts the world over say: "Use only Palmolive for daily complexion care." And that is why millions of women the world over use and prefer Palmolive Soap!

HERE ARE THE DETAILS!

A contest so simple—so easy! All you do is tell us in your own words *"Why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap."* You don't need to be clever. Just write as you would to a friend. (Contest rules explain how easy it is.)

There are 20 first prizes . . . 20 chances to win, *entirely at our expense*, a glorious 34-day tour of seven European countries. (Or, if you prefer, $1,000 in cash . . . about *half* what such a tour would ordinarily cost you.) Hotels, meals, transportation, and scheduled entertainment . . . all paid for . . . and $300 "pocket money" for every winner. Railroad fare to and from New York will also be paid.

SAIL ON PALATIAL NEW SHIP

20 first prize winners sail on the palatial new "Normandie." Leaves New York July 31st, returns September 2nd.

European Tour includes Paris, Rome, London . . . Venice, Geneva, Vienna . . . Brussels, Amsterdam and The Hague . . . Five wonderful weeks in the most fascinating cities of the Old World! First class accommodations aboard ship and throughout the tour.

A representative of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company (makers of Palmolive) will accompany the winners throughout the tour.

What a glorious vacation! And you have every chance in the world to win it! So write that letter today!

1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!

In addition to the 20 first prizes, there are 1,000 others . . . For women, Beauty Boxes containing creams, powder, lipstick, and of course Palmolive Soap! For men, attractive Palmolive Shaving Kits.

READ THESE EASY CONTEST RULES!

(Clip and save for reference.)

1. Anyone is eligible to enter the contest (with the exception of employees of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., their advertising agency, and their families).

2. Write a letter of 100 words, or less, telling "Why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap." Print your full name and address, and the name of the dealer from whom you bought your Palmolive Soap.

3. All letters will be judged on their clearness, sincerity and interest. Literary ability is of no value. Just write as if you were writing to a friend. Simple, easy-to-write letters will win the prizes! (You may submit as many letters as you wish.)

4. Each letter you submit must be accompanied by the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies). Mail to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Dept. L-6, Jersey City, New Jersey.

5. Contest closes June 15, 1935. All letters must be in the mail before midnight of that date. Winners will be notified on July 2.

6. The Judges will be: Mr. Emil Rohde, Pres., Nat'l Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association; Mrs. Winifred Fayant, Pres., American Cosmeticians Association; and Miss Elizabeth Woodward, Associate Editor of Ladies' Home Journal. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7. All entries submitted become the property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

Made with olive oil to keep skin lovely!

A LETTER SIMPLE AS THIS CAN WIN!

"I happen to have the kind of skin that is very easily irritated! That's why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap! For I know that Palmolive is made with olive oil, and olive oil is *soothing*, even to a baby's tender skin.

"Since I've been using Palmolive nights and mornings, my skin has been so much softer and smoother that my friends all say I look like a different woman. I would not even try any other soap. Palmolive is my beauty soap *for once and all!*"

PALMOLIVE IS THE LARGEST SELLING BEAUTY SOAP IN THE WORLD

Master Villon DINES OUT

A Colorful Tale of Glamorous Days When Life Was a High Adventure and Love Looked at Death with a Smile

by JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MASTER FRANCOIS VILLON carried his best jacket to the tailor. That is, he walked in his shirt.

"Clean the stains off it, Michel. Tonight I visit a great house."

Michel had a hand under the garment, raising it in search of an area which didn't need cleaning, but for the moment he looked across his bench at the long nose, the black eyes, and the thin whimsical mouth in front of him.

"It isn't blood again, is it?"

Master François raised a devout hand. "So help me—virtuous dirt!"

"You'll want it when?"

"The invitation was for an hour after sunset."

"It's now past noon. You ask a miracle. I shall charge double."

"My purse is yours," said the poet with a grand gesture, making for the door.

"In advance!" called the tailor.

Master François strolled back unoffended. "What shall I leave you as a pledge?"

"What have you?"

Master François considered, then drew the dagger from his belt. There was a jewel in the hilt.

"You would go abroad without this?"

"For once I shall! This one night!"

"In that case," said the tailor, "leave your cap too. A clean coat would show it up. I would even suggest your breeches, if that were practical."

Master François walked hatless but happy down the

"At your service, my lady!" He swung his cap in a grand bow. "I doubt it," said she.

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

street of St. James to the sign of Colin Galerne, the barber.

"Give me a smooth cheek this time, for the love of God!" he commanded, carrying over a chair where he could put his long legs up on the window sill.

The razor collided with a scar on Master Villon's upper lip, and the barber applied more lather. "That cut is all but well now, isn't it! Lucky you ran in here at once!"

Master Villon was glad there were no other customers.

"Let's see," persisted Colin. "That little fight came off no more than thirty paces from my door. If you hadn't found me in the shop, by mere accident, at that late hour—there you are, smooth as a girl!"

The thin youth stood up and pretended to search for coins in his trouser pocket. "Now, what do you think of that! My purse is in my jacket!"

"And who, may I ask, has the jacket?"

"Michel. I'm to stop for it—I'll be passing again in a minute or two."

He left before the barber could get hand on him. And an hour after sunset, if you please, he was parading down to the river, over the bridge to the island named for St. Louis, in a clean jacket, a clean face, and a clean hat, with the breeches coming along under the fresh splendor, not looking so out of place as you'd think.

He stopped at a large house so close to the edge you'd say it was built in the water. On the street side there were no windows; only a dark door under an arch. Ordidinarily he would have knocked with the handle of his dagger. Now he used his foot.

The person who swung back the heavy barrier stood in the shadow, alert and suspicious, six feet tall or somewhat beyond, with thick shoulders and a small head, more jaw than brow, and a wicked knife at his belt.

"What's your errand here?" said he.

"I'm dining with the lady of the house," the poet explained, not altogether comfortable.

"Was this the night?" growled the giant. "Not that it makes much difference!" With that he fastened the bolts again and put the key on a nail out of easy reach.

Master Villon lifted a meditative hand to his smooth chin. "Have I come to the wrong house?"

"She lives here," said the unpleasant porter.

"As yet," said the nervous poet, "I don't know her name; but her hair curls, and her cheeks are cream and rose, and in a chance meeting you'd say she was affable. Here I recognize nothing of her essential character."

"You should have thought of that before you knocked,"

said the fellow. "Follow me along this corridor. We'll need no light if you take care at the corner. The wrong door leads down to the river."

The giant got him safely around the corner, to the right door, and a blaze of cheer burst on him from a candle-lighted room.

There she was, across the room, waiting for him.

Better-looking than when she had spoken to him on the street. Or was it he who had spoken to her?

The face and the hair as he had remembered, with the same strange mischief in the eyes. And her body beneath the evening gown, not too much beneath it—well, he could see the street cloak had cheated him.

"At your service, my lady!" He swung his cap in a grand bow.

"I doubt it," said she pleasantly. "So far I've had from you only an insult."

"Never!" he cried. "It was an uncontrollable outpouring of my adoration!"

"Confess," she challenged, "when you made that proposal to me, you didn't know who I was!"

"I don't now, nor do I care!"

"You took me for a street girl!"

"You walked alone," said he, misguided by an instinct for logic.

"I sometimes do!"

"In any case," said he, "it was love!"

"It was an insult!"

"One, however, which you can forgive."

"Never!"

He lifted her hand to his lips, and then held on to it.

"Do some confessing yourself! Confess that my proposal, which insulted the lady, appealed to the woman!"

She smiled and she did not withdraw her hand.

"We understand each other," said he.

At that, she reached for the bell cord by the chimney. "In time we shall, no doubt. Meanwhile, let us dine."

The fellow who brought in the food was a powerful dwarf, cross-eyed. He came in through a narrow door which Master Villon had not observed, and he must have been waiting outside, to answer the bell so quickly.

So in a moment there they were sitting, with a roasted fowl and a flagon of wine.

"My divine hostess," exclaimed the poet, suddenly truthful, "such fare is for me either a memory or an ideal!"

"Can you carve?" said she.

THE knife on the platter was a dull thing, and by instinct he reached for his dagger, she watching closely and, as he thought, smiling at his embarrassment.

While he worked away she filled his glass. As soon as the meat was on the plate, he filled hers. "To happiness and love!"

When she only pretended to taste, he copied the gesture and set the wine down.

"You don't drink!"

"Nor you!"

"There's no poison in it," she laughed. "I was considering your wise distinction, happiness *and* love."

"To *our* love!" said he, and drained the glass.

"Since you spoke to me the other day I have learned who you are."

"In my lesser condition, Adorable, I am a poet."

"A thief, I believe. Should you meet a sudden end, the city fathers would draw a long, grateful breath."

"You have talked with my critics!"

"As a matter of fact, with the city fathers."

His gaze was as steady as hers. "This is an envious world, my lady, and rightly so. Fortune is not equal. At this moment I, most unworthy I, have you! Will you drink to our love?"

She hesitated, then with a firm motion raised the glass. "So be it!"

He rose to claim a kiss, but she waved him back. "I learned more about you. You are a merciless woman-hunter. I am almost the last one in the city. I am not flattered!"

"They lie!"

"Then I am sorry. Though I wasn't flattered, I was interested."

She pushed away from the table, and held out her hand. "Come!"

He had his kiss then, but she drew him toward a curtain with a door behind it and soft lights prepared for them within.

When they stood again before the great hearth where they had dined, the fire was low and the night air came in through the large window, opened now.

"My dear, my dear!" she whispered, reaching up for his lips.

"Paradise!" he whispered back.

"I can't bear to have you leave me," she sighed.

"Do you imagine I shan't come again?"

She stood off from him. "When?"

"Tomorrow, perhaps?"

For a second she rested her head on his breast, laughing, as he thought, hysterically, then stepped back a pace or two. "Remember, it was an insult!"

Her hand went to the bell cord. "I played fair, but I don't forgive!"

WITH that the giant porter and the husky dwarf were standing beside him, and before he had his wits there was a sack over his head—and he without his dagger! They tripped him up.

"Tie it firmly," was the last he heard her say.

But as they lifted him through the window his right hand found a little hole in the sack. He hit the water before he could give a strong pull at it.

Twelve hours later, in midafternoon, Master Villon carried his best jacket to the tailor. Also his breeches. His temporary covering was several sizes too large.

"Clean the stains off my clothes, Michel. I'll need them at the usual time, around sunset!"

"They're soaking wet!"

"Also I need a new cap, and I'll take back my dagger."

"Oh, you will?"

Master Villon laid down a large gold piece.

"Stolen?" asked the tailor, biting it.

"Borrowed. It's twice your fee. Give me back enough for two shaves, and keep the rest."

With the dagger safe in his belt again, he walked down the street of St. James.

"You'll pay me now!" cried the barber, running out at him.

"Gently, gently," said the poet, fetching a handful of sous from the depths of the ballooning breeches. "Here's for yesterday and today. Give me that smooth cheek again. It worked wonders!"

In the early dusk, if you please, he was crossing the bridge to the saint's island and knocking at the dark door under the arch with the handle of his knife.

And there was the giant opening the door.

When Master Villon stepped softly in without a word, the fellow, seeing who it was, collapsed against the wall, every tooth in his head chattering.

It wasn't hard to find the way down the corridor. He had the door open and was moving toward the hearth before she saw him. She was eating at the little table, alone.

Just the faintest scream from her. He swung his cap in a grand bow and drew up his chair opposite. She was pale as death.

There was meat on her plate and wine in her glass. He pointed to the empty cloth in front of him. She backed toward the bell cord and rang it. The dwarf stuck his head in.

"A plate and a glass for monsieur!"

She remained standing by the signal rope till the dwarf returned, her eyes never off her visitor.

But when the dwarf set down the plate, Master Villon gave the clown a sudden stare, and the teeth chattering was worse than at the door. In less than no time the poet and the lady had the room to themselves. He motioned her to sit down again, and she obeyed, now a shade less pale.

Since the only meat was on her plate, he leaned over and divided it equally with his dagger. She noticed the dagger. Also she watched him put the food in his mouth. Then her color came back and she smiled.

"Ghosts do not eat!"

He kept the mask of his face, and for reply lifted his glass. It was empty, of course, and she would have filled it, but he pushed away the hand. Her glass was full. He threw the wine into the fire, and offered again the silent pledge in nothing. It frightened her.

"I ask no forgiveness!" she exclaimed, trying to be bold. "You earned death!"

He went on with the food, keeping his gaze level with her, and the dagger always in his hand. She had no appetite, and he enjoyed the fading of all color from her lovely cheeks.

"You were a fool to come back!"

He took his time, cleaned up the plate with a piece of bread, and wiped his lips.

"That's as it may be," he said. "I will now expound to you my reasons. When I climbed from the river this morning, I went to my simple lodgings and got into bed, having no dry clothes. In that ignominious state I was visited by two friends. You remember them, perhaps?"

She did not answer.

"The two who were with me when I first had the pleasure of addressing you on the street."

"I noticed you were in bad company!"

"Those are the ones I refer to," he continued. "They stopped in to see if I were still alive."

She leaned forward. "Did you dare tell them what happened?"

"Madam, our love is sacred!"

"*Our* love!" she echoed.

"But I mentioned the fact that you threw me into the river. They advised me to leave the city. People of your station are thorough in their revenge; if I were recognized by you or your servants, you would finish what, with so much enthusiasm, you began."

"Well?"

"Madam, I had three reasons for not following their counsel. In the first place, I refuse to be compelled by fear. I owed it to myself, and perhaps to you, to demonstrate that your method of drowning your guests is inefficient."

He lifted the empty glass in a mock toast. She reddened slightly.

"The second reason?" she asked.

"As you suggested last night, I shall probably come to a violent end. I can think of no hands at which I should more willingly die. In fact, I love you."

The color went from her cheeks. "If you hadn't insulted me when we first met!"

He nodded. "I too regret that beginning. The sentiment I now entertain for you makes my first proposal seem altogether shameful. Your treatment of me, in the circumstances, was really too generous, too gentle. When I consider what I deserved—"

She leaned across the table. "I never before encountered a man with an honest mind! I admire your confession! Was that your third reason for coming?"

"Madam, what I've just said is spontaneous, wrung from me by the sight of you, at this moment. Your present beauty teaches me more wisdom than in absence I could ever think up."

She rose from where she sat and came to the side of his chair.

"Would you think less of me if I forgave?"

"I dare not hope for grace," said he. "Your contempt is better than I merit."

"But there is no contempt! Would I have let you come at all, the first time, had I not cared? Don't you see?"

"I don't," said he modestly. "To what do you refer?"

She held out both her hands and would have drawn him to his feet, but he froze to the chair.

"Come!" said she, with her heart in her voice.

He put on a look of pathetic bewilderment.

"It's my way of asking forgiveness," she urged. "Come!"

"Can it be," said he, with the simplicity of a child, "that after all my rudeness you are inviting me a second time to that delicious chamber in which I found paradise?"

For reply she buried her blushes on his shoulder.

"IN that case," said he, "I must respectfully decline!"

She straightened up like a steel blade.

"Madam, my third reason for returning to this dangerous neighborhood was that I hoped to God I could make you ask for my love, so I could say no!"

She stepped back toward the chimney, where the bell cord hung. "This time you are unforgivable!"

With that she gave the bell cord a sharp pull.

He had a moment to plan which he'd strike down first, when they came in with the sack. If he could hide the knife under his arm, so they wouldn't take it from him—

"My household are laggards this evening," said she, mortified. "I never have to ring twice."

"They may have stepped out for a moment," said Master Villon, much relieved. "When I looked at them, I thought I saw something in their faces—"

Startled she rang again, and they waited.

"We have the house to ourselves, Beautiful! You are in my power."

Only a lady born could have carried it off so well. "In your power, my dearest, here or elsewhere, forever!"

"When I returned this evening," said he, "I had a further hope—of pushing you through that window in another sack. For the moment I shall be content if you will kindly unbar your front door."

She struggled with the heavy bolts until the barrier swung inward. He kissed her hand and stepped out.

"Will you remember," she asked, "among all the girls—"

"I have loved but once," he swore, sweeping her a grand bow. "Good night, Beautiful!"

She laughed. "As though this were the end!"

THE END

'Tisn't So

by R. E. Doan

GEORGE WASHINGTON was not born February 22. He was born February 11, 1732. The date was changed, due to the adoption of the Gregorian calendar in 1752. When this change was made, eleven days were dropped.

MAN does not have one less rib than woman. Both man and woman have the same number of ribs. The belief that man has one less rib evidently arose from the Biblical version of the creation of man.

RUNNING WATER is not always pure, neither will it purify itself in a dozen miles or so, as is often stated. Running water has a greater contact with the atmosphere than still water, consequently we do not smell the pollution in it so strongly. However, it is not the odor which is dangerous—it is the bacteria content. One river, used in an experiment by the United States Public Health Service, was found to require several hundred miles' flow before it was safe for drinking purposes after contamination.

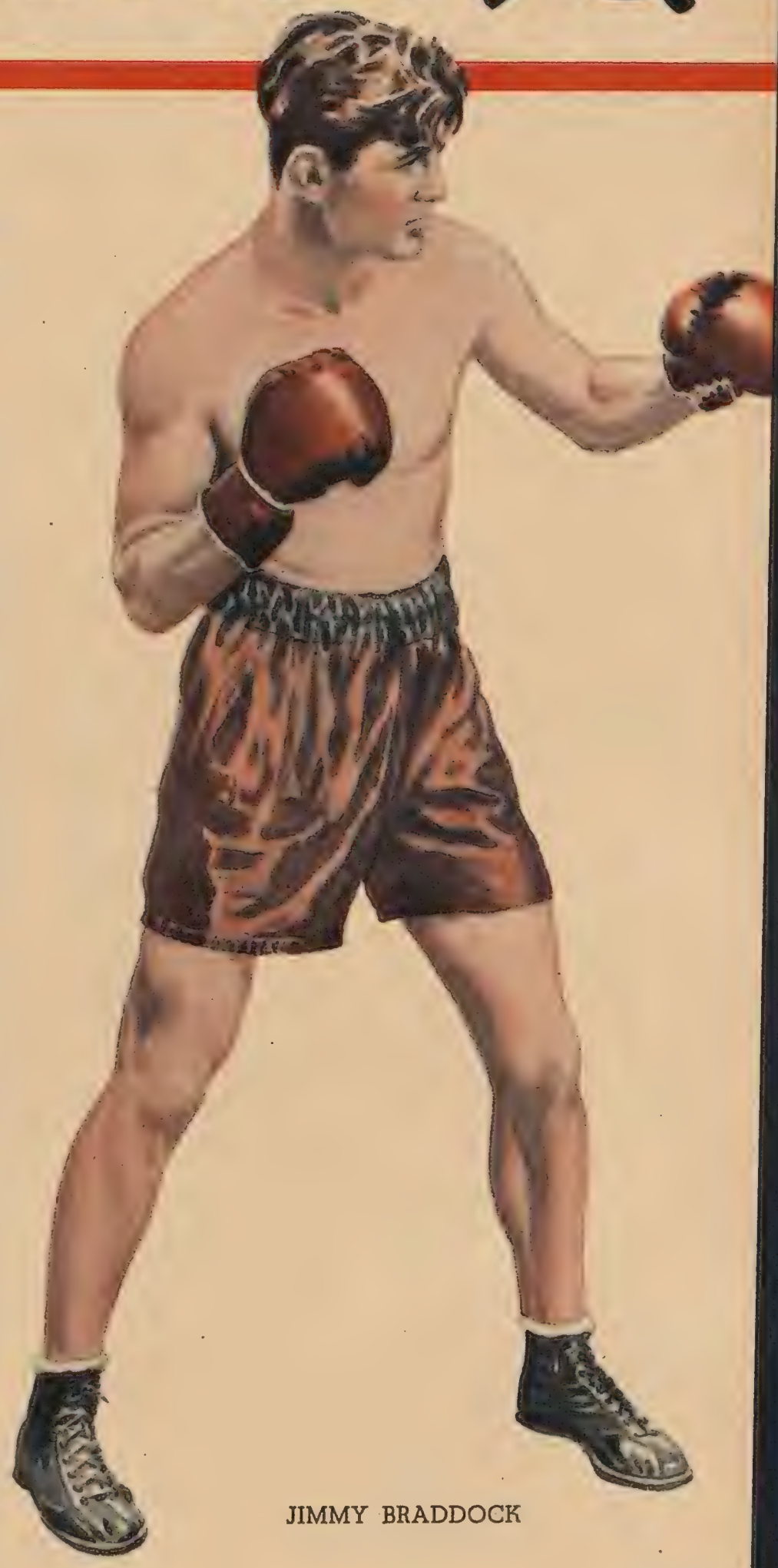
THE MORNING STAR is not a star. It is a group of planets. When any one of the planets Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, Saturn, or Venus (especially Venus) rises before the sun, it is easily seen and has been given this name.

LEAVING FOOD in opened tin cans is no more dangerous than leaving it in any open container. Bacteria multiply in a glass container or in a vessel of any kind just as quickly as in a tin can. The essential thing is not to leave food in any open container in a warm room or where it can be reached by dust, germs, etc. As soon as any container is opened it is subject to spoilage of the food, and should be kept at a low temperature. There is nothing in the material of a can, however, to be injurious to health.

JIMMY BRADDOCK tells "How I'll

A Swift Fight, a Smashing Right, and No Time for the Champ to Clown . . . These Will Spell Victory, Says the Challenger

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 5 SECONDS



JIMMY BRADDOCK

WHAT are my chances of defeating Max Baer? I think on June 13 you will have a new heavyweight champion of the world and he will be James J. Braddock.

Down in my heart I feel I can stop Max, for I have never feared any man in the ring and to me he is just another opponent. I've always thought both Schmeling and Carnera were afraid of him before they climbed through the ropes with him. From the opening gong I intend to carry the fight to Max, and he'll have no time to wink at the crowd and pull up his trunks. I intend to stay inside of his wild right and give him plenty of trouble with body punches, and I believe my right is as good as his if not better.

Many boxing fans are wondering do I deserve this chance to meet Baer for the title. I think that my record shows that I do. In my last three fights I proved my punching ability by defeating three good men: Corn Griffin, John Henry Lewis, and Art Lasky. Lasky had already been picked to meet Baer, and that victory really placed me in the leading contender spot.

Many may think that I cannot take a punch, because Corn Griffin had me on the deck in the second round. Two days before that fight my manager, Joe Gould, phoned me and told me I was boxing Griffin, a tough heavyweight from the South who had been punching Carnera around in training. I hadn't pulled a boxing glove on in nine months and I trained only one day for that scrap. I was just beginning to feel my way when Griffin nailed me behind the left ear with a corking right. I took the count of seven.

That punch really made me sore and I got up determined to gamble with him. I figured Griffin would rush in to finish me wide open, and he did just that. I timed him perfectly and nailed him with my old sweetheart the right. He had been powdering off a lot of good fighters, and then and there I figured if I could withstand his punches and knock him out there was still plenty of good fighting left in this old frame of mine. I also discovered that I had a good kick in my left hook.

I asked my manager how I looked and he said "Tops!" and I informed him that I had done that on hash and when I got a few good steaks under my belt I was going to murder some of the heavies. At that time I was just making enough to buy milk for my three kids, working on the docks three days a week. Having hurt my right hand in my last fight, I was using only my left. Stacking railroad ties for the Ontario and Western Railroad on the Weehawken docks, I used the longshoreman's hook in the left hand only, and I believe that helped develop the left hook I now have.

I've never refused to meet any fighter, and in all my important fights I have entered the ring as the long shot. Pete Latzo, the former welterweight champion, decided to come back in the heavier classes. He had been matched to meet Tuffy Griffiths and he wanted a tune-up go before he met him, so they picked on me for the goat.

The fight was to have taken place in New York, but it finally did in Newark. Latzo was a five-to-one favorite. He gave me trouble until the fourth, when I floored him. In the seventh I broke his jaw with a right. He was a game guy, and covered his chin in a crouch and took punches for three rounds. We drew $1,600, and fighting for 20 per cent I received but $320.

That victory gave me the Griffiths match. Now, Tuffy

lick Max Baer"

ILLUSTRATED BY COLE BRADLEY

MAX BAER

had won fifty-five fights in a row, and in the three before he met me he had stopped Mike McTigue, Tony Marullo, and Joe Anderson, each in the first round. On the day before the fight I twisted my ankle doing road work, and I sat up all night putting applications on it to get the swelling down. Griffiths was a six-to-one favorite and even money to knock me dead. I stopped him in the second round with the old right. I received $8,000 for that scrap.

A year later, when I met Jimmy Slattery, he was a four-to-one favorite, but after weakening him with body punches I tagged him with the old right in the ninth round and put him to sleep. For that fight they paid me $12,000. Whenever my hands would crack up I would go back to the docks to keep in shape; and I was piling ties when John Henry Lewis, the tough colored heavyweight from the Coast, came East in 1934. When I had nailed Corn Griffin the knuckles in my right hand had cracked up a little, and I was using only the left again. My manager signed me up to box Lewis, who had won thirty-five fights in a row and had defeated Rosenbloom three times. I had fought Lewis in Frisco in 1932, and lost to him, for he is a clever boxer. I found out that I got that fight after all the boys about had refused to meet him—another case of send for Dr. Braddock.

I floored Lewis for the count of nine in the fifth, and had him groggy several times near the finish and easily won the decision. Lewis also was the favorite when we entered the ring. I was greatly underpaid for that fight, receiving only $700. I keep mentioning the purses, for I have never made any great sums and most always had to take what was offered to me to get matches.

My manager then pleaded with Madison Square Garden to match me with Art Lasky. Jimmy Johnston laughed at us. We decided to sit tight, figuring that in time we would get the bout.

JOHNSTON tried to bring Kingfish Levinsky to New York to meet Lasky, but he was signed to box an exhibition bout with Baer. Levinsky spoke out of turn and was knocked kicking by Baer, and that eliminated him from the list of contenders. Finally the Garden told us that maybe we could get a fight with Lasky if we would guarantee him a purse. We offered him a guaranty of $5,000 win, lose, or draw, and he accepted. He took sick and that fight had to be postponed.

I simply had to win that bout—to get my chance at Baer. Consensus of opinion gave me eleven rounds, Lasky two, and two were called even. I had Art in bad shape in the sixth round and wobbly in the eleventh, thirteenth, and fourteenth. Many wondered why I did not put him away in the sixth. I had broken the knuckles in my right hand three times and I did not want to crack it up again on his head. I think I really whipped him with my left.

Many say that Baer will give me trouble about the body. Well, all I can say is that I proved that I'm tough years back, and that I have proved I fear no one's punches. Physically I am put up as well as Baer and should enter the ring weighing 188 or 190 pounds. My legs are in good shape, and I will certainly profit by Gene Tunney's foresight by doing plenty of road work. I intend to make a fast fight of it.

A victory means security for my wife and three kids, and already they are calling me champion, and I do not want to disappoint the folks.

I think the fight will either be a very snappy affair or a real punching battle, and I feel that if it goes over eight rounds Baer will tire and I can wear him down with body punching. He has not had any one in the past couple of years keeping gloves in his face, and he will not have the chance to do looping rights with me. I am to receive 15 per cent of the gate, the largest cut ever given a contender. That alone is enough to make a fellow do his best —and I promise you I will.

THE END

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SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES

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$675*

Told Paid

Then, just as he had pushed the button of the register, Snyder gave a yell and grabbed an old Ford crank. The gun went off.

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

IT was true, Slim McGee considered—yes, he had to admit it was true that he was involved in the killing of that service station man, Snyder.

For Snyder was dead. He sure was. A man could die just that quick, one instant yelling and roaring and lifting up an old Ford crank to hit him with, and the next instant lying there among the oilcans and pumping machinery, not even breathing. But he, Slim, wasn't guilty of murder. He couldn't be.

He knew what murderers were like. He had seen them in the movies. They were exactly like that fellow Merkowsky, next door in the rooming house. Why, Merkowsky had murder written all over his face, and besides he had told Slim about bumping off three or four people somewhere up North. But he, Slim, wasn't like that. He wouldn't hurt a flea.

It was all just an accident, but it looked bad. It started out with Merkowsky being dead-drunk—

There he lay, sleeping like a hog, with his gat half falling out of his pocket. And there stood the service station, just three blocks, and cut off from the view of the street by the big building where they stored cars. Slim hadn't had a cup of coffee all day, and nothing but a cold dish of soup at the Salvation Army the day before. A man don't know what he's doing when he's that hungry! He wasn't in his right mind, and that was the God's truth.

He had borrowed the gun, and still half out of his head from being so hungry he had strolled off to look again at the service station. He hadn't really meant to rob it. At first he was just going to look at it. Yes, he'd snitched a few things in his time, once a pocketbook, but it was from people who could afford to lose, and anyway he was forced into it. But when he saw the man sitting in there alone, and the day's profits still in the till. . . .

No, it wasn't *his* money. But they wouldn't miss one day's receipts. But even when he walked into the service station, pretending to want to know where 84 Sixth Street was, he had no real idea of going through with it.

But it was all so easy. Anyway it looked easy. The fellow, Snyder, wasn't suspicious of him. He could see Slim didn't have one of them criminal faces, like Merkowsky for instance. He didn't wear flashy clothes, neither, but nice and quiet, no false diamonds, and just one red stone in his tiepin. And just as Snyder was telling him

by EDISON MARSHALL

The Story of a Gangster, a Girl, and a Kiss . . . A Poignant Tale of Simple Things that Lie Deep in the Human Heart

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. D. STEVENS

She read a poem called The Village Blacksmith.

how to get to 84 Sixth Street, why, the first thing he knew—

He jerked the gun out of his pocket and yelled, " Stick 'em up." Right away he was scared. What if the fellow didn't stick 'em up—what would he do? But Snyder's big hands went right up into the air.

And then, just as he had pushed the button of the cash register and was pocketing the money, Snyder gave a yell and grabbed up an old Ford crank laying there, that Slim hadn't seen at all. And then the gun went off.

It went off from the jerk he gave, being scared half out of his wits by Snyder's sudden yell. He hadn't meant to shoot. He only brought the gun to scare the service station man. But—but Snyder fell down. He fell down so easy, that Slim couldn't believe he was dead.

He could hardly believe it even when he read it in the papers.

Well, Slim struck off running, all sick inside and his heart jumping into his mouth, down the alley. But when he came out into the next street he remembered to walk slow. There wasn't a soul in sight—and God, how he ached to get a long ways from there—still he remembered to walk slow. He'd always had a pretty cool head, and for the eight years he went to school he passed every examination.

After that, he didn't know where to go. The pistol kept bagging out his clothes, and there was no river handy to throw it into. Well, it was Merkowsky's pistol. Somehow it seemed the right thing to give it back to him.

Not a soul saw him climb the stairs or look into Merkowsky's room. And there he lay, not even moved. So

Slim went in and put the pistol back in his pocket.

He waited a minute, standing still and not breathing, and then took the pistol out again and wiped it off. He'd remembered just in time about thumbprints. He'd always had a pretty cool head, even if he *did* say it.

And then he did something else he hadn't quite figured out yet. He took two of the ten ten-dollar bills—he hadn't had time to get the small denominations—and slipped them into the upper pocket of Merkowsky's vest.

Well, a fellow could say that Merkowsky deserved some of the money for the use of his gun. Maybe that was why Slim gave it to him. But when he tried to think of it, there was kind of a blur in his head. It seemed to him at the time it was Merkowsky, not him, who'd robbed the service station and let the gun go off accidentally. It was just the kind of thing Merkowsky would do, only he'd shoot on purpose. So it just seemed natural to give him back his pistol and some of the money.

Then he'd gone back to his own room next door and hid the rest of the money behind a picture frame, and got into bed. And the next thing he knew, after thinking and thinking and thinking, was hearing a police wagon outside and seeing them carrying Merkowsky off to jail.

The police had been watching him, because he had been implicated in some bank robbing and real murders up North. The trouble was they didn't have enough on him, but as soon as they found Snyder they went and arrested him. And there was his pistol with one shot fired, and two ten-dollar bills. And the other service station man, who had been on duty in the daytime, remembered one of the bills because it had a torn edge. He, Slim, hadn't noticed that torn edge at all, and that was true as sure as he was sitting here in the autobus.

There was no use of him going to the police and telling them that it wasn't really Merkowsky—because it wasn't, really—who let the gun go off. They'd never understand Slim had borrowed the gun just to scare the service station man. They'd hang him as sure as God. Anyway it was just luck that it was Slim, not Merkowsky, who went to the service station that night.

Merkowsky was going to have to stand trial, but he'd probably get off. Criminals like him had money back of them, big money, and smart criminal lawyers that could make a judge look silly. There was nothing but circumstantial evidence against him, and they wouldn't hang an innocent man on that.

Anyway, Merkowsky wasn't innocent. If they *did*—Slim meant if they really *did* find him guilty—it would be just as though he was getting hung for some of those murders they could never get the goods on him for. The papers said it was a clear case, that his conviction was a "foregone conclusion," which meant it was going to happen as sure as God; but you can't believe everything you see in the papers.

SLIM had waited around two or three weeks and then told the barkeeper at Tony's that he had a chance for a job further down south. It was smart of him to say that, so no one would ever dream he was getting out of there. But he hated to walk past that service station. And no one even looked at him as he bought his ticket and got in the autobus.

It took every last cent of what he had left of that eighty dollars. But here he was, safe in the bus.

And when he'd get further down south—he'd bought his ticket to Columbia, South Carolina—he'd get off and find a job. The Southerners were mighty hospitable people, and he needn't be afraid of not getting a free feed now and then while he was looking for a job. A nifty dresser like him might get another job in a soda fountain; if not, he'd do any kind of honest work. He'd go on and work, and get ahead, and after a while he'd forget he was ever implicated in that service station shooting—and he'd forget Merkowsky back in jail.

Quite a lot of people got on at Wilmington, North Carolina, and then no more till they got to Hallsboro, just a wide place in the road. It was just one passenger, a girl. She had one satchel, a hatbox, and three books under her arm.

Slim had never read many books. But one time he read The River's End, by James Oliver Curwood, and it was sure wonderful. That was a fine man, Constable Rivers of the Northwest Mounted Police. He fell in love with a girl who thought he was her brother. She was a wonderful girl, little, and sweet, and a perfect lady, yet democratic. She was pure as the driven snow.

It was funny he'd think of her now, just because the girl got on the bus and had books under her arm. She sat down on the seat just opposite Slim, with two vacant seats between them.

She had blue eyes and hair the color of the haystack by the road. She had on a cute little white hat and a white coat. He guessed he'd seen prettier girls, but there was something so sort of friendly in her face, something that made him think more and more of the girl in the book. He wasn't sure he *had* seen any prettier girls, except in the movies, and like enough it was the expert cameramen that made them look so fine.

She looked at him once. She didn't smile, still she didn't turn up her nose. He wished he'd smiled at her that second she looked at him, but he'd been afraid to. She wasn't the kind of girl you could make a high sign to. He didn't want her to think he was fresh.

But pretty soon she looked his way again, and this time he returned the look and smiled just a little bit. And a little later, when she was looking hard at something out the window, he pretended like he wanted to know what it was and got up and looked too.

IT was an automobile that had gone into the ditch. As their eyes met again he spoke to her.

"I didn't see anybody hurt."

She answered him right away, and he was glad he had had the nerve to speak. And she had the sweetest voice.

"I didn't notice anybody either. But there's been some bad automobile accidents along here. The road's so straight that people think they can go fast."

"It's a caution the way some people drive." Slim sat down, but now he took the inside aisle seat, and there was only one vacant seat between him and her. "It's a wonder more of them ain't killed. The worst are the fellows who try to mix gasoline and whisky, and they won't mix."

She laughed a little at that. Maybe she thought he made it up, but it was part of a funny story.

"We're going fast enough in this bus," she said.

"Fifty miles an hour, I should guess. These busses make good time. I'd sooner ride in them than on trains. Not that they're cheaper, but you don't get cinders in your eyes, and you get acquainted with people sooner."

"I always go on the bus when I go home for vacation."

"I bet you're going home for vacation now!"

"How did you guess that?" She was smiling at him now. "Maybe you're a detective."

"Maybe." She was just joking, but he put a mysterious look on his face as though he might really be a detective. "I deduce you're going home for Thanksgiving vacation. And let's see—what kind of work do you do? You're not a stenographer—"

"No."

"Maybe you work in a store—but there ain't many stores in Hallsboro, North Carolina. Well, I'll give up."

"Then you're not a detective after all."

"No, I'm the fellow the detectives are after."

She laughed at that. She didn't know that if . . . God, he had almost forgotten for the moment.

"Well, I'll have to tell you then," she said. "I'm a schoolteacher."

"Oh, yeah?"

"You don't believe me?"

"Of course I believe you. I'd believe anything you

say when you look at me with those big blue eyes." He meant it. He wasn't stringing her along. "But you don't look like no schoolteacher. You don't look old enough. You look like you still ought to be in school yourself."

"I've been out two years."

"Gee, it must take a good education to be a schoolteacher."

"Not so very, to get a country school like mine. I went through high school and two years of normal."

He crossed the aisle and sat beside her. He wanted to tell her things. . . .

"Gee, I just got through grade school, and then I had to go to work. That's why I make so many ungrammatical mistakes."

"Why, I think you speak very well for a boy who's only been through grade school. It's a pity you couldn't have gone on, but boys with a lot of pluck and determination can make good without a good education."

"Well, maybe I will. I haven't done much yet, but I'm sure going to try. How far are you going?"

"To Sumter. That's where I live."

"I've never been to Sumter, South Carolina, but I've been as far as Florence, South Carolina." He wanted to talk fast, so she'd be interested in him. "I see you like reading."

"Oh, I love reading."

"Did you ever read The River's End, by James Oliver Curwood? That was a swell book."

"I read it. It was fine. I—I read pretty near a book a week."

"Honest? I love reading too, but I haven't much time. What are those books?"

"One is Alice in Wonderland. I've read it twenty times."

"Gee, I thought that was a kid's book. I seen it in the pictures and it didn't seem to make any sense. I'll read it though. And this book—let's see—Lorna Doone."

"Oh, it's a wonderful book. It was written long ago, about a girl made prisoner to a gang of bandits."

"SO they had gangsters a long time ago too, did they? Well, they got plenty of them now. Lots of people admire them, but I don't."

"I don't even like gangster pictures, except one called Scarface. Did you see that?"

"I sure did. Wonderful, wasn't it?"

"Do you remember how he turned out a coward in the end? It was just sickening. I could have forgiven him almost everything if he'd just stayed brave."

Slim felt a queer rush of blood to his head, and began to talk fast. Merkowsky was a murderer if there ever was one; you could see it in his face.

"I guess if you read so much, you don't have time to go out with boys."

"There aren't many boys where I teach. There's one I go with, though, every Saturday night."

"Kind of a steady, huh? I—I don't see any engagement ring on your finger."

"Oh, no. We're just good friends."

"I've never had a steady girl. I—I've never fallen in love with anybody. I suppose you have, though."

"No, I never have."

"Well, I'm glad you're not in love with anybody right now." It just seemed to say itself. "It's no fun talking to a girl who's thinking all the time of another boy."

She colored up a little. She was pretty as a picture. She had big blue eyes, and it seemed you could look 'way, 'way down into them.

"No, I'm not thinking of any other boy." And they laughed together, but Slim didn't know what at. He only knew that he was happier than he had been in his whole life. The big bus just bowled along.

HE looked at her other book. It was Longfellow's Poems!

"Gee, do you read poetry—for the fun of it?" he asked her.

"Oh, I just love poetry."

"Well, I do too, now I think of it. Have you ever read Gunga Din? I heard a fellow recite it once, but I don't know who wrote it."

"Kipling wrote it."

"And I once read a poem—a fellow had it cut out—called The Shooting of Dan McGrew. It was a fine poem. I meant to take a copy of it, but I forgot to."

"That was by Robert W. Service. He wrote The Spell of the Yukon. It's fine."

"Gee, you know everything, don't you? I—I haven't met many girls like you, I've had to work so hard. Longfellow's Poems, eh? I think I heard about him in school."

"He wrote beautiful poems. Hiawatha, and Evangeline. Evangeline's a beautiful story of a girl who got separated from her lover and never found him until just before he died."

"Gosh, that would be tough, wouldn't it? To fall in love with somebody and then — *die* . . . Maybe you'd like to read me one out of the book."

She turned to him with a wonderful smile. "Would you really like it?"

"I'd just love to have you. I haven't heard any poems for a long time. Read me one you like."

"I'll read you The Wreck of the Hesperus. But lean kind of close to me, because I don't want to have to read loud and attract attention."

That was just like her, not wanting to attract attention. Some girls thought of nothing else but attracting attention. Good God, he'd never met a girl like her before. But when he leaned close, he was careful not to take any advantage. He wouldn't have her think for anything in the world he was trying to get fresh with her. But he felt her shoulder against his, clear through his coat.

"It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea. . . ."

Why, it was a wonderful poem! That poor little girl, left on the ship, dying of cold, when her father was dead! Her father gave her his big coat. God, it was beautiful. And she

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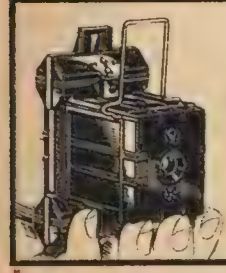

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read it beautiful, too. He wished he'd read more poems. And then she read a poem called The Village Blacksmith. Well, all the blacksmith shops had become garages—or service stations. But he hadn't meant to kill Snyder. It was only an accident. And Merkowsky was sure to get off. . . .

The blacksmith in the poem heard his daughter's voice in church, and thought it was his wife singing in Paradise. He loved her, but she died. He wondered if people really did sing in Paradise. He'd been inside a church once himself, a long time ago, but the Sunday school teacher was stuck-up, and he didn't go any more.

And then they talked of another poem, by a poet named Tennyson, about a man who was lost at sea and his wife thought he was dead, but he came back when he was an old man, and he didn't interfere with his wife, because she was happy with her new husband. And just before he died he thought he was being rescued again from the desert island, and threw out his arms and yelled, "A sail! A sail! And I am saved!"

He must have been a fine man, not to interfere with his wife when he loved her so. It was funny he would think he was being saved when he was dying; that *was* funny! But she made it all seem so clear.

"Why, we haven't even told each other our names," Slim said.

"My name's Elsie White."

"Gee, that's a pretty name. My name's Clarence McGee, but every one calls me Slim."

She smiled so awful sweet. "What shall *I* call you?"

"I'd like to have you call me Clarence, if that's okay with you. It's been a long time since any one called me Clarence."

He was about to say that it seemed as though he had known her all his life, but it wouldn't be true, so he didn't say it. He had the queerest feeling that he mustn't tell her anything that wasn't true. He hadn't known her—or known anybody like her. But oh, God, how glad he was he had met her now, glad, and kind of sober, too—and *scared*. . . . No, he wasn't scared! There wasn't any sense in being scared. But he felt so queer inside.

THEN they talked of motion pictures and actors and actresses, and tunes they both liked. She liked some tunes he had never heard of, like one named Holy Night, and another named the Spring Song by a Jewish fellow. They both liked Poor Butterfly, a girl whose lover had gone away, and she said, "The moon and I know he'll be faithful."

It was so wonderful to be faithful to some one you love. . . .

He didn't have no money to offer to buy her supper, and he was worried half to death. He wasn't a bit hungry himself, but God, he wished he had two dollars to buy her a really swell supper. And then when he was worried more and more, and it was six o'clock and growing dark—

"Pretty near time to tie on the nose bag, ain't it?" he said, with a laugh that didn't sound just right. And then he was going to tell her that he didn't have no money.

But he didn't have to tell her! She asked him to hand her her little hatbox. There was a hat in it all right, but a package of lunch too.

"I want you to help me eat this," she told him. "It's lots more than I can eat myself."

"But I'm not a bit hungry. I'll get off later and get a snack somewheres. And you haven't near enough for yourself—"

BUT she opened the packages and handed him things, and he ate them. They didn't know whether or not it was against the rules to eat lunch in the bus, but they ate it anyway, and had all kinds of fun pretending to keep the conductor from seeing them. She had little white sandwiches with egg and cheese mixed together inside, and boiled eggs with the shells off, and salt and pepper mixed to dip them in. He wasn't hungry, honest, yet the food tasted delicious. She'd put up the lunch herself, and she said she was glad she had somebody to eat it with.

And soon it was pitch-dark, and they could see stars through the windows. She told him the most wonderful things about the stars, how they were so far away that even the light took years and years to get to the earth, in spite of light traveling, so she said, a hundred and eighty thousand miles every second. That's what she said, and she was educated. He was about to say that was going some, but it sounded fresh, so he didn't say it. And she said that some of the stars were 'way bigger than the sun, and the sun was so big that the whole earth could fall in a little hole in it, and flames shot out twenty thousand miles. He had never heard of anybody who knew so many interesting things, unless it was some absent-minded professor, and she was little and sweet and pretty. Beautiful, by God! By God, she was!

Well, when he got his job in the soda fountain — and maybe he wouldn't even be satisfied squirting soda now—he'd educate himself. He'd read all the books ever written. And then he'd come to see Elsie, and then—

And now they had passed Marion, and the bus driver had stopped to hand a ticket into the window at the Peedee toll bridge. He and Elsie were sitting in the front seats of the bus, and they could look right into the window of the toll bridge office. And when the driver had given his ticket, Elsie spoke to the old lady in the office. She was a sweet fine-looking old lady.

"How are you tonight, Mrs. Wilson?" she said.

"Why, Elsie! I didn't see you. I know — you're going home for Thanksgiving."

"That's right. Dad wrote he was going *(Continued on page forty)*

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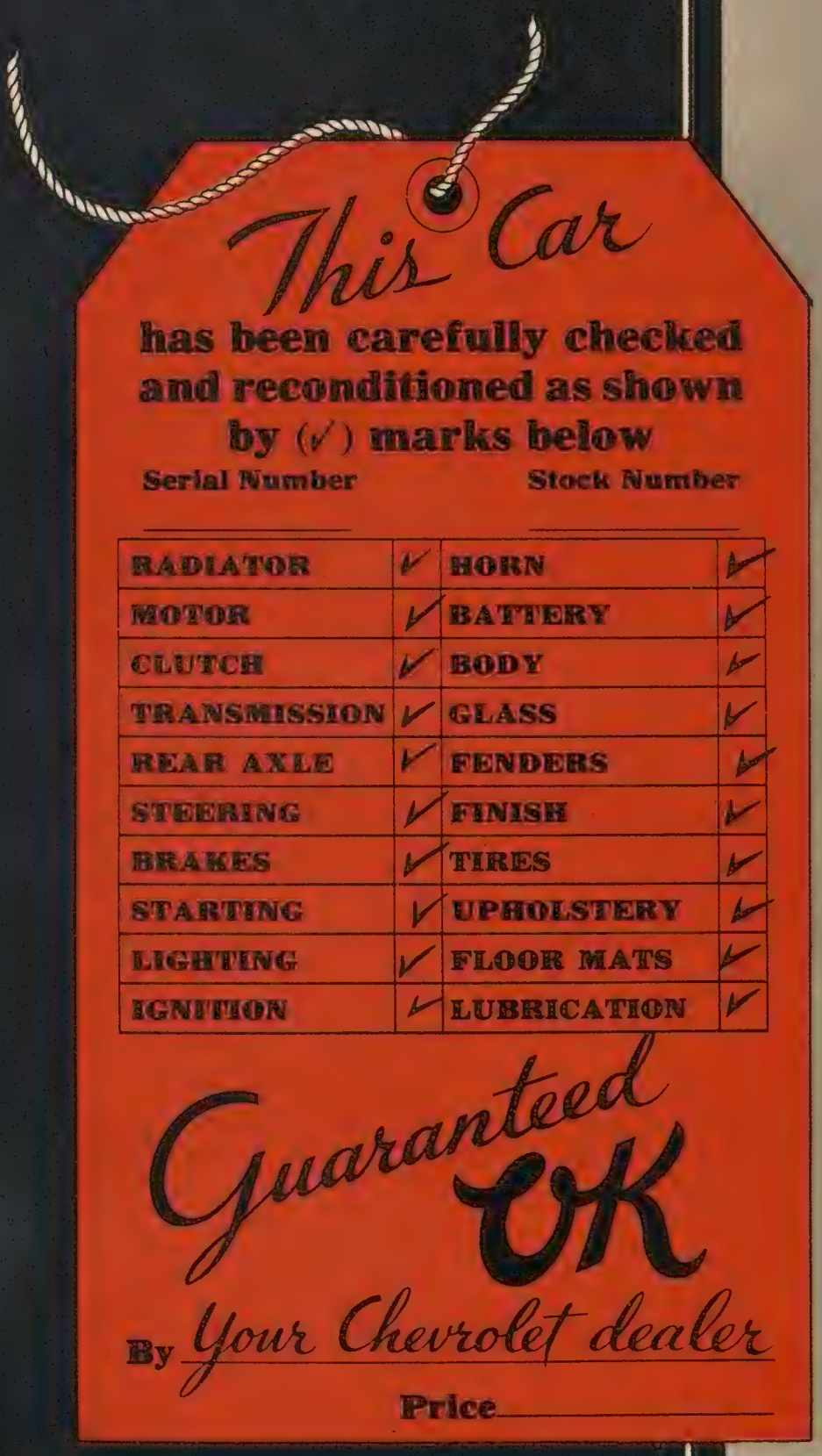

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with an OK that counts

(Continued from page thirty-eight) to kill the biggest gobbler on the place, and I couldn't miss that. I'm surprised to see you on duty, Mrs. Wilson. Mr. Wilson usually takes the night hours."

The old lady stood so very still, at least half a minute. "Elsie, didn't you *hear?*" And there was a quiver in her voice.

"No!"

"My husband passed away sixteen days ago tonight."

"Oh, Mrs. Wilson! I'm so sorry—"

"He'd be glad you remembered to ask about him. He always liked that, in the people who came back and forth. He passed away quietly."

And then, before they could say anything more, the bus driver drove on.

Slim couldn't speak for a little while. He couldn't think of anything that would be a nice thing to say. And Elsie didn't say a word, just sat looking. There was just one little tear in each eye, and all of a sudden there was something in his heart that he almost couldn't bear, it hurt so, yet it was so wonderfully sweet. No one in the whole world, unless it was a poet like Longfellow, could tell what it was. It went all through him, fast as lightning, and his hands began to tremble.

He was glad he didn't have to speak. And after a while the girl turned to him, and the two little tears were gone, and she was smiling.

"He was a nice old man, Mr. Wilson," she said. "But it isn't as though he had died young."

"*Oh, it's awful, awful to die young,*" Slim heard himself saying. And mixed with that terrible happiness was an awful *fear!*

"It's so wonderful to be alive—and young," she went on, almost whispering, and looking at the stars.

"Wonderful," he told her.

And then all of a sudden she turned her face to him, and he bent over and kissed her on the mouth.

HE didn't know how he had the nerve, without even asking, and maybe the passengers behind them looking on. But he did. He kissed her, and felt her lips move as she kissed him back. And then he knew what that terrible happiness was, in his heart.

Just once—that's all they kissed each other. And then they sat holding hands, not saying a word, not one word.

And pretty soon they'd be in Florence. It was only three or four miles now. And now it was only two miles, and getting closer and closer. And all the time the happiness and the fear kept growing in him, and gripping him harder and *tighter*—

"*Elsie!*"

"Yes, Clarence?" They could see the lights of Florence now.

"I want to tell you something. Maybe you won't believe me—maybe you'll think it's the freshest thing you ever heard from a boy you only met today—but I've got to tell you anyway, Elsie. You don't understand. I've *got* to."

"Maybe I do understand. You can tell me. I won't think it's fresh."

"I love you. Oh, I'll always love you, all my life. I love you more than any man could ever love you."

And it didn't sound fresh, and it didn't sound silly. It sounded like that fellow who was dying, and thought he saw a ship, and he yelled out, "A sail! A sail! And I am saved!"

She sat still a long time.

"I'm glad you told me, Clarence," she said at last.

He waited, not even breathing, for her to say something more, just any little thing, and he knew she wouldn't—but she *did!*

"I like you too. I like you an awful lot. I want you to come to see me in Hallsboro, and at Sumter too, if you can. And then we'll see."

"Will you kiss me one more time?"

She smiled and gave a little nod of her head. And without even looking back to see if the other passengers were looking, she put up her mouth. And oh, that kiss was sweet!

AND now they were driving into the station at Florence, and the sweat burst out all over him.

"*Elsie!*"

"Oh, what is it?"

"I've got to ask a favor of you. I'm so ashamed I can't hardly bear to, but I've got to. I haven't got any money, and I've got to do something in Florence. Will you give me—fifty cents?"

She looked bewildered.

"Oh, do you think I'd ask for it if I didn't just have to have it?" He could hardly speak, and his eyes were filled with tears. "Elsie, I tell you I've *got* to have it—right now—in Florence. If I didn't love you so, I wouldn't have to, but I do love you, forever and forever. And if I don't have it now, it will be too late, and I'll never, never be able to do it again."

She began to grope for her pocketbook, and her fingers were trembling so that at first she couldn't open it.

"Hurry, Elsie," he gasped. "*Oh, hurry, or it will be too late.*"

She gave him the coin. He got up and got out of the car, and walked into the little station that had a sign on it, Western Union, up to the counter just as though he was going to order coffee and doughnuts, and said he wanted to send a telegram.

And then he wrote it out, and the pencil hardly trembled in his hand. He addressed it to the Chief of Police, Norfolk, Virginia! And this was the message:

Merkowsky innocent. I killed Snyder. Waiting Florence terminal.

It made just eight words, and he was allowed ten words. So he added, "Yours truly," and signed it

CLARENCE MCGEE.

He gave the message to the operator, and then hid in the gents' toilet until the bus pulled out. Yes, he hid there, but all the time he knew that he needn't ever hide any more, that nothing in this world could ever harm him, or make him afraid.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **BERMUDA TROUBADOURS** by William Griffith. Claude Kendall & Willoughby Sharp, Inc.

Poets of all ages sing of the Bermudas, from Edmund Waller's lyrical outbursts to Blanche Naylor's "Give us a dry day soon!"

★ ★ ★ **THE BLUE EAGLE FROM EGG TO EARTH** by General Hugh S. Johnson. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

The life of a two-fisted soldier, followed by the straightforward story of his NRA. An important and well written book.

★ ★ ★ **WEEK END GARDENING** by Sterling Patterson. The Macmillan Company.

Worth many times the price to those like you and you and you, who are amateurs year after year. Generally the more garden books you read the less you know about gardens, but this one won't leave you confused.

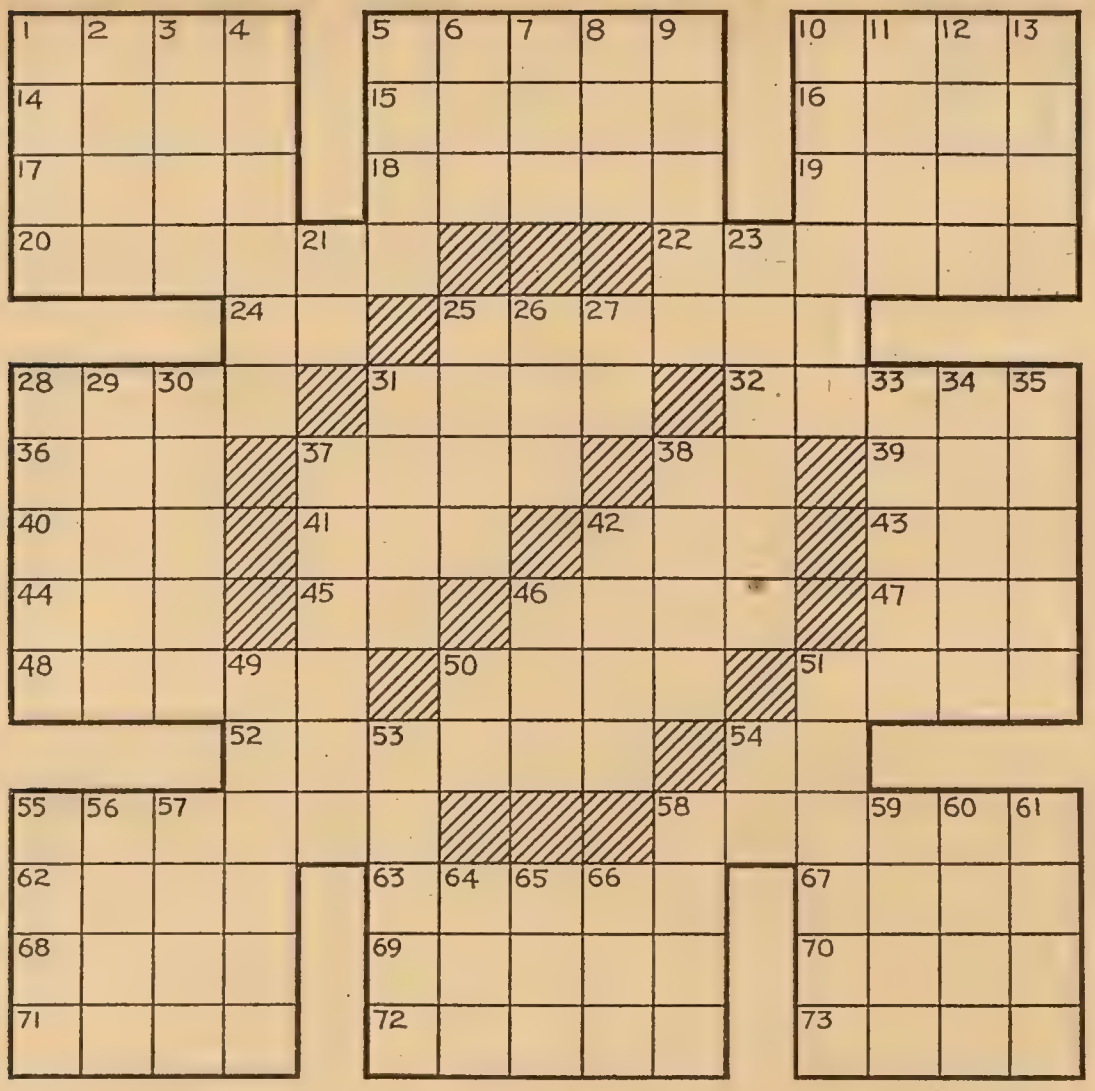
★ ★ **LONDON BY NIGHT** by Francis Sandwith, A.R.P.S. Oxford University Press.

Its title suggests a similar and really magnificent work, London Night, by John Morrison and Harold Burdekin. This is an excellent gallery of genre scenes from modern London night life.

★ ★ **THE VOICE OF VERDUN** by Elmer Maslund. The Elm Publishing Co..

A war story far above the average.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A naval base in Italy
5 A house for entertaining strangers
10 Kitchen utensil (plural)
14 Always
15 To range in a row or line
16 Wings
17 Bristlelike organ
18 Convenient for reference or use
19 Pigeon
20 An ornamented toga (Roman antiquity)
22 Large deep vessel to hold soup
24 A note in the diatonic scale
25 Strict in judgment or discipline
28 A kind of cheese
31 Thrust or prod with something pointed
32 A tree (plural)
36 Gaelic god of the sea
37 Disabled in the leg or foot
38 One indefinitely of a number
39 Poem
40 A Greek letter
41 Malt liquor
42 A bird of the cuckoo family
43 Cardinal number
44 Perform
45 Pronoun
46 Political group
47 Being, in the most abstract sense
48 Demonstrative word
50 Suffix denoting the addition of ten

Answer to last week's puzzle

51 Otherwise
52 Inborn
54 Spanish definite article
55 Continent
58 Make
62 A suggestion
63 Of greater latitude
67 Crop of a bird
68 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
69 Irregular
70 Prong
71 Bear on the person
72 Regenerate
73 Droops

VERTICAL

1 A fatal epidemic disease
2 Above
3 A girl's name
4 Fit for plowing
5 A sunk fence
6 Palm leaf (variant)
7 A soft lustrous white crystalline metal
8 Finish
9 An island of the Philippine group
10 Christian priests or monks
11 African liliaceous plant
12 Part of a church
13 Comprehended
21 Deity in Assyro-Babylonian mythology
23 Pertaining to the heavens
25 Indefinite quantity or number
26 Piece out to a bare sufficiency
27 One of Odin's brothers (Norse mythology)
28 Cry of a goat or calf
29 To strain, as in vomiting
30 Angry
31 Lacking color
33 Hostelry
34 State of bliss (plural)
35 Perception through the intellect
37 To mourn greatly
38 In a little while
42 On the sheltered side
46 Wager
49 Female relative
50 An element (symbol)
51 Chooses
53 Fresher
54 Adjective suffix
55 Masticate
56 To rent
57 A loop (anatomy)
58 Ship's company
59 A song
60 Specific flavor
61 Sheep
64 Ill temper
65 Put on
66 Compass point

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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FOR YOUR EYES

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

● WHOOPING cough doesn't add to the serious tone of any play. In a New York show Mary Boland once found herself on the stage with an actress who suddenly developed a galloping case of the whoops. Nobody knew she had it—not even the whooper herself—until she whooped so hard that her collar of pearls went bust, peppering Mary with pearls like a charge of buckshot.

MARY BOLAND

Trust Mary to be in on any comedy effect, even when it isn't intentional.

As a character actress of the top rank, she has now succeeded to a large share of the screen prestige formerly held by the late Marie Dressler. Miss Boland's real name is Marie, too. Marie Anna Boland.

You know how cleverly she can portray the foibles of a silly snobby social-climbing matron. Probably you saw her do it in Three-Cornered Moon, Ruggles of Red Gap, etc. I asked her if she mimics any real life person when she does these parts.

"Yes," she said. "My old Aunt Sally. Aunt Sally used to be just like that. Whatever happened, she always made a scene. Her favorite expression was, 'My soul seethes!'"

Born in Philadelphia, Mary Boland has worked long on the legitimate stage as well as for the movies. The camera makes her look plumper than she actually is. She's a good housekeeper but no cook. Counts all her linen and tableware at least once a month.

● Here is an anonymous communication I received the other day with thrills of pleasure. The unknown writer addressed me as follows:

"Enclosed find a pair of eyes from a Tibetan god of good luck. Originally these stones were worn by a young Tibetan priestess and after her death were placed in the eye sockets of the god, who now reposes in a Washington museum."

Two green little stones, translucent and vivid. They brought me good luck the very first day! Now I carry them everywhere I go.

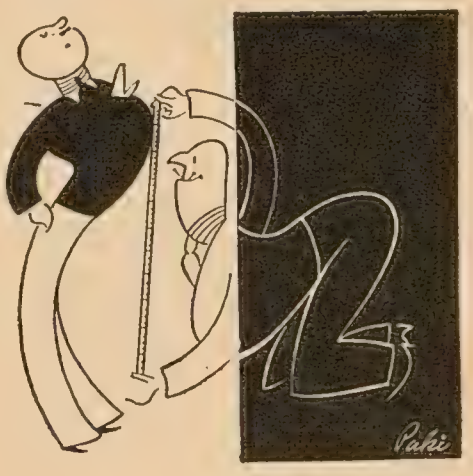
● From a friend of mine in California comes this true story about a young man who could not decide which of two pretty girls he wanted to wed. One was a soft-natured indoor maiden. The other girl was an athletic type. Some months ago the young man hurt his back playing polo. I regret to say he will be slightly crippled for life. His affectionate relatives made up their minds that he would always be unhappy with an athletic wife. So they encouraged the indoor girl—and tried their best to keep the other away.

But she wouldn't have it. She eloped with the young man—practically abducted him. And their marriage shows every sign of being a great success. Instead of depressing him, his wife's energetic habits give him keen enjoyment. Out in the open air with her he forgets his injury most of the time.

Now his relatives are glad indeed that their well-meaning but mistaken plans went all agley.

● Two college boys, roommates at an Eastern university, admired good clothes but could not afford to buy them. Did they lament their poverty and reconcile themselves to seediness? Did not! They got hold of a tailor's stylebook and a secondhand sewing machine. Taught themselves to make their own clothes. This year they've done all their own tailoring. One learned how to cut, the other how to finish. They've become experts. None of their classmates now is turned out more dashingly. I want to salute the enterprise of our hard-times college students. It isn't much fun to be young and poor. But their struggle will plenish them with spirited memories for after years.

● A pair of blackbirds built a nest atop the majestic pile of barrels and crates and boxes collected for an English Jubilee bonfire. A tramp set up housekeeping at the bottom of the pile. As the time approached for igniting this festive monument of rubbish, the fate of the blackbirds and the tramp attracted public attention. The birds would not be ejected. They had eggs in their nest. The situation was made increasingly difficult by the fact that the site of the bonfire occupied property belonging to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Now a bird, strictly speaking, is not an animal. But a human being is. Yet the English S. P. C. A. worked harder for the blackbirds. They didn't do much for the tramp. In zoology, as in sociology, I believe charity should begin at home.



● A thoroughly fascinating book about Africa is The Empire of the Snakes by F. G. Carnochan and H. C. Adamson. (Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

● *Fashion tips for tennis players:*

The all-white costume is still correct, classic. In England Eileen Bennett has been wearing pink accessories of late—pink hairband, pink monograms, pink Angora cardigan. Accessories in navy blue are the style over here. Helen Jacobs wears blue accessories at times. And sometimes she wears shorts. Helen Wills sticks to skirted dresses. The English tennis gals favor shorts—

. . . and the Little Fishes

KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

white flannel with kick pleats and patch pockets. Hollywood prefers one-piece shorts of Noile silk, which looks like cotton.

● One of the best meals I ever have eaten was set before me at an obscure French hotel in Brittany. The main dish was a giant platter of fresh sardines—sweet little fishes out of the sea, fried crunchy-brown and golden in olive oil.

Perhaps the place where I ate them contributed to the special flavor of those excellent sardines. It was a room of antique simplicity aglow with lamplight, and on its whitewashed walls gleamed long-forgotten paintings by the great van Gogh.

All this occurred in my adolescent years—the years from which we derive most of our formative tastes. I shared that platter of superlative sardines with an English artist and a French poet. The poet was in love with a girlhood friend of mine. She turned him down, and I lent a sympathetic ear to his woe, for which he made me the heroine of his next historical poem—the very worst piece of literature I ever have read in my life!

But the sardines we ate together at that remote hotel in Brittany were perfect. No longer can I recall the name of my English artist friend or my French poet, or his excruciating poem. But never have I been able, since that time, to control my appetite for fresh sardines fried golden and crunchy-brown.

I could eat them until the cows come home.

● I dedicate this page to the subject of fish. Fish are important. Little or big, our finny species can claim more historic dignity than you may imagine.

There was a time when sardines were worshiped almost as gods by the Indians of Peru. Indians along the western rivers of Canada used to have their best orators preach sermons to the fish at the beginning of the salmon season. The ancient Greeks—brainy people—believed that a diet of fish was good for their brains. Roman emperors were hearty fish-eaters—particularly fond of eels. The slave colonies of the eighteenth century subsisted largely on American cod. Slaves, emperors, and Greek philosophers—the fishes have fed them all.

● A new deal in fish has been arranged for us recently. To the Department of Commerce at Washington, a Fishery Advisory Committee has been appointed. Under the chairmanship of Bernarr Macfadden, this committee will study the culture of fish in our seas, lakes, and rivers; the distribution of fish as a vital source of food supply; the art of selecting and preparing fish for your breakfast, your dinner, or your supper.

Mr. Macfadden, as you undoubtedly know, has applied a lifetime of work to the investigation of food values. He tells us that broiling, boiling, or frying in deep fat are the most healthful ways by which fish can be cooked. I agree with him in principle. But you mustn't be surprised if I sneak in a few recipes which may not conform with his high standard of culinary hygiene. Some of my fish recipes are recommended merely because they taste good.

● Japanese cooks know a number of fish tricks which are well worth copying. I have permanently adopted their method of broiling fish. With a damp cloth they wipe the fillets, fish steaks, or whole fishes. Brush with soy sauce and leave 1 hour in a cool place—not as cold as your refrigerator. Again brush your fish with melted butter, and lay it on a broiling rack which has also been brushed with butter. Keep the fish 6 inches from the flame. Broil briskly for 5 minutes, then turn and cook for another 5 minutes. Perfection depends largely upon the distance between fish and flame.

Different fishes require different distances. Steaks of salmon, halibut, haddock, or cod should be broiled from 8 to 10 inches from the fire. Smaller fishes at 5 inches, as I have already stipulated.

Broil your fish steaks about 6 minutes on one side if you like them juicy, then 10 minutes on the other side with the flame turned lower. A little more cooking for whole bluefish or mackerel.

● No gastronomic union brings the sons of man together more internationally than does their appetite for fish.

Japanese gourmets like Russian caviar; Russian gourmets enjoy the raw fish salads of Japan. A French bouillabaisse waters the mouth of a discriminating German; a good *Matjeshering* tickles the Latin palate as delightfully as the Teuton. Natives of California go wild about New England clam chowder, and native New Englanders succumb to the succulent fishes of the Pacific. If all our differences could be settled by a common fish diet, we wouldn't need to be warning or bluffing each other about our next world war.

There are certain conventions connected with the serving of fish. Some of them are worthy, others are not. I am no believer in the rule that fish must be accompanied invariably by cole slaw or tartare sauce. Try a mixture of chopped pickled beets and grated horseradish in jelly; broiled tomatoes, plain or stuffed with diced vegetables; a jellied relish of red peppers, cucumbers stewed in sour cream.

You will find, by the way, that no fish odor clings to your house—not even to your kitchen—if you marinate your fish in soy sauce.

She looked like one of those girls who had never wielded anything brisker than a needle. Even Smith, when he called, was stirred.

The World Beaters

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

ON Tuesday Katie polished off Fräulein Wunsch of Germany in the French international tennis championships.

On Wednesday she dusted off Mme. Gravet of France.

And on Thursday, seizing a brief respite in the tournament play, she journeyed out into the French countryside to encounter, in an unofficial game, a man who looked vaguely familiar to her, and to be beaten by him more thoroughly than she had ever been beaten in her life!

Marjean Gillespie had acquired, for a season, a house in the Chevreuse Valley that had once been a mill, and was giving a house party. Marjean was always acquiring houses and her houses had a way of following the tennis circuit. She had married that man who had a place near Forest Hills. Divorcing him, she now welcomed Katie Meadows's spring advent to Paris.

The houses invariably had a tennis court, and Marjean, who was a sprightly fiery little redhead, had a pet joke. She would get some boastful male amateur to commit himself on the subject of his tennis prowess, and then, withholding her friend's identity, inveigle him on to the court against Katie. Usually Katie didn't mind—much. If no one else enlightened him, you could hardly go about shouting that you were the woman world champion. Of course it ended by the man's disliking her. . . .

ILLUSTRATION BY
STOCKTON MULFORD

A Story of What May Happen When a Champion Falls from the Pinnacle of Fame—into Love!

by VALMA CLARK

This man was introduced as Smith. He was a heavy sluggish-looking creature with a red face. His modesty took the form of understatement.

But with the first game, which Katie Meadows somehow astoundingly lost on her own service, she wondered. And before the match was done she realized that Marjean had rung a change: this time the joke was on her.

The man still *looked* like no menace. But his appearance of heavy sluggishness was deceptive—as was Katie's slim, toe-dancing daintiness. His forte was clearly steadiness, against which Katie's rushing brilliancy of play availed not.

"Well played!" he called as she scooped up his cannonball—and then flubbed his return. And "Steady on!" as, running backward, she lost her balance. English, was he? She might have guessed, with that face of a

beefeater! He seemed to be scoring while dozing. In two sets Katie took two hard-won games!

"And now," said Katie ominously, "which Smith did you say that was?"

"But, darling"—Marjean opened wide innocent eyes—"you must know it's Forster Smith!"

So! The newly arrived Australian champion, whom she was to meet tomorrow in a mixed-doubles match. . . .

They lay in canvas chairs on a terrace. The silvery babble of the little millstream was overlaid by the harsher babble of the guests—one of those "smart" groups of people.

Katie's mother would have approved of his ears. "Beware of a small ear, Kate," she was always saying; "it means lack of generosity." These ears were big enough. The lobes were long and softly fuzzed.

"All I can hand her," gurgled Marjean, "is nice bones. And that sister—"

"Sister?" drawled the slim youth with the ladylike hands. "You're a sucker if you think they are related."

The Englishwoman in "mixed" woolens contributed rapidly between two inhalations: "Legs muscular like a ballet dancer's. She maintains they've been spoiled by climbing French stairs. She lives on the fifth floor."

Katie, just pleasantly tired, closed her eyes.

"Who's the damsel they're vivisecting?" Forster asked.

"I don't know."

"Where did you meet Mrs. Gillespie?"

"College. We were roommates."

"How long ago was that? Your college career, I mean."

"Two years. Anything more?"

"Sorry. Your turn."

"Where is your famous drop shot that I've heard tell of? I didn't meet it once this afternoon."

"Trying not to use it. Trying not to depend upon it."

THEY argued about tennis—various strokes and theories. From that they fell to insulting each other—surest sign in these modern days of a budding friendship.

The house party drifted away from them. The man had lighted a pipe. The shadows of the trees, lengthening, now took on a deep blue tinge. And suddenly the evening bloomed—the sky turned a peach-colored cheek.

"Sometimes," said Smith, "I'm sorry for us—tennis champions. The rewards are out of all proportion, and we reach the top too young. Other fields require more seasoning. I'm not staying in tennis forever. I want a business, a family. I— Your photos don't do you justice. It's your skin."

Katie's flawless skin had a rich depth to it. She had a small proud face and smooth black hair.

"That's exercise," she smiled.

"Repeat. I want to see your cheek smile again."

Through a lengthy dinner, which progressed in rich courses, they unobtrusively kept training together. After dinner they strolled down the quiet country road.

Returning, they saw through the lighted window that the party was immersed in bridge, and so felt justified in prolonging their truancy. They leaned upon the back of a garden bench by the tennis court and watched a cold calm full moon slowly mount until it overtopped the trees.

"Light enough to play," observed Katie.

"Didn't you ever? I remember I was staying at a house in Essex. Moonlight night. Extr'ordinary clarity." His drawl, his economy of words, had charm. "Spoiling for a game. Got out and batted the balls about alone. I was joined by a chap in a peaked cap—a stranger. He took me on. Wizard! Logic? You could see his mind working three strokes ahead. Who was he? In the morning I asked my hostess. She didn't know; nobody knew. She had the house on a lease. But a local chap told me Norman Waters had once occupied that house, played on that court."

"*Norman Waters* — the tennis giant? But he's dead for years!"

"Right."

"You lie!" cried Katie, delighted by his fantasy. He brought his eyes round from the moonlit court to her. She was smiling up at him. Her arms, in the white crepe frock she wore, were bare. He took her good right tennis arm between his thumb and forefinger with a little pressure. "This little arm—to roll up such a record!"

HE put his arms about her and held her a moment before he sought her lips.

Then, because she had been wanting to do it, she reached up and tugged at the absurd ear lobe. "Donkey ears! Don't you find them a weight to carry about? If you lose tomorrow, I'll lay it to your ears!"

"I won't lose tomorrow." He caught her deeper into his arms, would have kissed her again, but she laughed: "No—wait. Stay an enemy till after the mixed doubles tomorrow. You'll make me want *not* to beat you. I'm going in."

With apologies of requiring sleep for the next day's play, she went upstairs before the others.

The pillow was his cheek to hers after the kiss—no, the palm of her own hand was better.

She woke to the sudden thrill that there was something to be happy about. Then she remembered. She leaped from the bed and ran to the window to say, "Hello, day!" And instantly, on the terrace below, she spied him, slouched before a garden table with breakfast accessories.

She stepped into three garments—the latter a printed piqué, very crisp and tailored—and ran down.

He looked up: "Hullo!"

"Whatever are you eating?" she gasped.

"Rasher of bacon," he returned, chewing. "Have some?"

"How do you achieve it—here in France?"

"Must have my breakfast bacon. Educate them as I go along. Here's a chair—how's for digging in?"

She sat. Still she could not quite look at him. Then she did, and

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

The kickback from the ultrafeminine new figure with hourglass waist and decidedly noticeable hips, as launched by Mainbocher, is apparent in the new shorts, cut exactly like men's and made of corset coutil, gingham, or tent cloth.

Plus fours for sports are also in the male mode, the explanation being that only on this model do they drape properly. Anyway the girls like them, and with the right figure inside they are a comfort and a joy to the observer as well as the wearer.

DORAMILLER.

it took her breath; but she smiled.

Her tray arrived and she began to chatter to cover: "Strawberries with the stems on! And wouldn't you just know that Marjean's coffee-cups would be plaid and her plates would have roosters on them and 'Vive la Bretagne!' Hark! What's that?"

"Cuckoo."

"Truly? It's the first cuckoo I've ever encountered out of a clock!"

Abruptly her happiness, her confidence, soared. She had not been wrong about him. What had he that the half dozen more presentable young men before him had lacked? He was just ordinary—those ears, the underdone complexion. Yet when their eyes met—

Her ecstasy included the setting. "It's very swish—the clouds in their sky, the flowers in their beds. And whoever invented blue for above and green for below knew!"

"'Swish.' Is that 'ripping'?"

"Well, not quite. I'll have to teach you American slang. And I'll have to introduce you to my mother. Her proudest boast," Katie chuckled, "is that she's known personally two Presidents."

"Presidents of what?"

"Darling! The United States."

He was so big and slow—it was going to be fun teasing him.

When the house party exploded on to the terrace, Katie was abruptly aware of the rather chilly appraisal of a tall newcomer. Smith hauled himself out of his chair to welcome this girl. And Marjean cried: "But, darling, you haven't met Miss Leam! She came last night. Katie Meadows—you know, *the* K. M."

"Not interrupting?" asked Miss Leam coolly. "Don't disturb yourself, Forster." She dropped on to the arm of his chair.

Katie stared. Smith looked imperturbable.

ENGLISH. She wore a shapeless "jumper suit"—old-rose, if you could imagine it. Awful legs—the ankles not articulated. Hair a dusty blonde—any American girl would have felt she had to do something to "bring out the lights" in it. But the face possibly justified her arrogance. It was the face of a china doll, fair, perfect, sweetly tinted by nature.

The Leam words were clipped: "And somebody told me that all the vegetables in America come out of a can, and so I told Forster I'd marry him on one condition. When America calls him, *I'll* stop in England with my family!"

"But I assure you, Sylvia, vegetables do grow in America. The funny ideas English—"

Katie corralled Marjean, explained that she must leave at once for a practice match at the Paris stadium.

And as she hurled garments into her overnight bag she kept thinking: "So *that's* his idea of American girls! You can kiss them in the evening and present them to your fiancée in the morning! And I thought—living in Australia. And I *said* 'introduce you to my mother.' Oh, he must have *known* that I thought he meant—" Katie's entire body was suffused in her blush of shame. "I'll show him!" she vowed.

She faced him that afternoon on the center court of the Stade Roland Garros, which was banked solid on four sides with spectators. The gaiety of the scene—the orange clay court, the titillating French gallery, the billowing green trees, the two flags running in the wind, the brilliant pour of sunshine over all—went to her head. For the first time in her life, tennis had suddenly become a deeply personal matter to her. It was unthinkable that she should lose!

KATIE weighed that battle line-up. Smith, the hulking brute, was formidable. His partner was short plump Fräulein Wunsch of Germany, whom Katie had eliminated yesterday in singles: a conscientious but uninspired retriever of balls. Against these two were Katie, who seldom lost a singles match but was not rated a first-class doubles player, and Gary Tuttle. Tut, as he was called the world over, was America's number one doubles man. He was a lank sandy youth whose legs looked particularly skinny in shorts, with a reach all over the court, and he contacted with the balls like the blade of a jackknife snapping shut.

She took a peculiar satisfaction in placing Miss Leam (who, as the fiancée of a star performer, would be in the sacred players' tribune at the end of the court) before she toed the mark for the first service in the match. Another jumper suit—sort of Queen Mary blue. Even at this distance, and with the wearer seated, it appeared to have been knitted by Miss Leam personally from poor directions.

Katie stood poised. She was one of the few persons in the world who looked graceful in shorts. (Her opponents were both garbed in the conventional trousers and skirt.) She stroked the ball. It caressed the orange velours and sighed past Smith. "*Quinze-zéro,*" intoned the umpire from his high chair.

So it started right! Katie's featherlike touch came instantly at her summons.

The other three players warmed slowly. Smith particularly came jogging to the net as though he were too lazy to move. Katie, dancing on her little soft-shod feet, lightly leaping for a ball, looked more like a toe dancer than a tennis player. The spectators, who could not always see that her pretty play was also dangerous play, because the disguised direction and the spin of a ball are not very visible to the gallery, rewarded her with cries of "*Joli!*" "*Belle balle!*" Tut barked, "Good girl." Even Smith droned, "Well played." While Fräulein Wunsch scampered faithfully and wordlessly after balls that she never came up with.

Smith took a game on his own

SHALL I ADD OIL OR CHANGE IT ?

Which is right? Conflicting recommendations by car manufacturers, oil refiners, service stations, and other motorists have caused millions of car owners to wonder. Some say: "Just keep on adding oil." Others advise: "Drain and refill twice a year" or "Change oil every so many miles." But in the meantime, the automobile repair bill of the nation continues to increase.

There are very sensible reasons why oil should be completely changed at regular intervals. Oil at work in your motor is contaminated with many things: dirt and dust, fuel residues, moisture, and minute metal particles.

It is true that oil filters help to prolong the useful life of your oil. But even if you renew it regularly, the filter cannot remove *all* of the foreign substances that collect in your crankcase.

It is also true that Quaker State has been able to eliminate the "light-end" material found in ordinary oil—thus increasing materially the efficiency of the oil. But even this advance in oil refining doesn't remove the necessity for regular crankcase draining.

How often you should add oil or change it depends upon the conditions under which you drive your car and the brand of oil you use. Some oils go to pieces under the terrific heat of your motor *long before the accumulation of dirt, etc., would normally cause you to change.*

There is only one safe and truly economical rule: use the *best* oil you can buy — use Quaker State — and drain and refill your crankcase at safe and regular intervals. Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pa.

•

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service. But Katie took the next on her service. This was too easy! The umpire chanted: "*Quatre-un, première manche. Cinq-un, première.*"

Why, thought Katie petulantly, doesn't he work a drop shot? That wasn't tennis—going to sleep on your feet! Tut had come to by this time, and the balls which she didn't tuck away he murdered outright. Yet, easy as it was, Katie knew a vicious satisfaction in passing Smith. "Take this!" her smiting racket seemed to say. "And this!" If he had been one jot embarrassed by the arrival of a fiancée, she could have forgiven him. One kiss—even two—might happen to any one. It was Katie's error that on that little evidence she had jumped the whole way. But he had been unperturbed.

The Americans took the first set, 6-2.

They lost the second set at the exactly reverse score of 2-6. Smith was now performing as he had done yesterday, and Katie had the horrible suspicion that he had been playing with her in that first set. The suspicion turned her into a little fighting fury.

The last set started an even duel. Katie and Tut were working in perfect unison. Smith opposite was playing for two, covering the entire court from the base line; but he seemed equal to it. He was nicking the lines for aces in drives of beautiful length. Games followed service to four-all.

The gallery was now tense. Katie, passing Tut on her way to serve, hissed: "Snap into it! I swear I'll never forgive you if we don't win!"

Tut looked startled.

"Hammer her yourself," he growled. "I *have* been."

But Katie, from sheer tension, served double faults. And it was Smith, the enemy—not Tut—who adjured her, "Easy!" *How dared he?*

She served again. A voice from the next world said, "Oot" (Out). A second ball. The gallery moaned. Love-thirty.

Her state of mind was wrong. Some one in the first row said clearly, "*Elle voulait trop.*" That was it—she willed to relax.

The hollow rain of applause greeted her next effort. Fifteen-thirty.

But curiously at that point the match suddenly collapsed on her.

Her flash was gone—Smith's steadiness remained. Tut, at the net, was playing supreme tennis; but Smith had the effortless answer to his every stroke. Katie thought: He's probably the world's best player—and without even half trying. Her balls had become slow balls, tired balls; her dancing feet were heavy. Somebody babbled, "*Oh, la, la!*" And somebody else sighed, "Oh, God!" Match point.

"I—hate him!" panted Katie, swinging on the ball. Her answer was the wallop of the net taking it.

THE uproarious French gallery, as a gesture of acclaim, precipitately overturned. Blue jumper was waving! In the final amenities between victors and losers, Smith's hand swallowed hers: "Want to see you." Katie, with an expression of chill, looked at him and past him. . . .

Thrice routed by him! All night it consumed her. She simply could not endure it!

In the morning, having figured it all out quite consecutively, she had her hotel put in a call for his hotel. His voice sounded absolutely sewed up in sleep.

"Hello. It's Katie Meadows," she said in accents sweetly friendly. "You said you wanted to see me."

"Dinner tonight?" he drawled at once.

"I'd love it."

"Good! I'll call for you. Eight o'clock."

Katie went shopping. At Lanvin's she found a dress of pink mousseline de soie that brought to mind the early double pink stocks in her mother's flower garden. It was a dress for one night—as perishable as only a French couturier could devise. It was unpackable and unpressable, since its fluffy effect was achieved by dozens of mousseline flowers, with curled petals, all around the skirt. Katie was going on to England in a few days. Moreover, this was the model and was not for sale. But Katie bought it and had it straightway altered.

Dressed in it, she looked like one of those home girls who had never in her born life wielded anything brisker than a needle. Even Smith, when he called for her in the lobby, was stirred from his lethargy by the sight.

Dewily she smiled at him. "I'm thinking of eating—really eating."

"Let's!" he agreed wholehearted.

They dined in the Bois. Nothing was omitted—not the lobster or the champagne. If he had had something to say to her, he did not say it. They talked of tennis. Gently, in the role she had set herself, Katie sighed: "It didn't even extend you. Admit it."

He shrugged. "I'm at the top of my game. After this, the long decline."

"You win," said Katie, smiling up at him. "You always win."

"Only at tennis," said Smith, gazing at her.

Afterward they took a taxi. Katie sat a trifle close to him. They did not talk. Katie felt his movement beside her. Ah, now would be her chance!

His arms went about her, as before. But somehow she did not say to him any of the scathing lines she had composed. As before, her lips answered his. And she was trying to hold him, all of him, big as he was, within her arms.

No words were spoken—right up to her hotel door—none. It was a love lyric all right, but it was without words. Only this time Katie wanted not to hurt him, but to cry her heart out.

She wrenched a hip in the next day's singles, and went back to America instead of on to England for the Wightman Cup play. She did not see him again.

SHE read of his victories, of his occasional defeats. She never read of his marriage—though she might have missed that. In due time she might logically have expected to encounter him again in tournament play. But the occasion was another house party.

This Long Island mansion, set in its own parkland, was a far cry from the old millhouse in the Chevreuse Valley. Its interior style was somehow suggestive of a de luxe ocean liner. Indeed, the modernistic bar, with its cream and scarlet leather chairs, featured portholes instead of windows: an inspiration of Freddy, the son of the house. Freddy's interior-decorating phase had kept him almost sober for perhaps two weeks. The multitudinous wash of the sea—so different from the melodious dripple of the tiny millstream—helped on the seagoing illusion. The house itself was run on the principles of an ocean liner. A succession of casual guests passed through it: met without introduction, chatted; danced and flirted and parted. Katie, for a very good reason, was a frequent visitor at the house.

She was dressing for dinner when her hostess, a broad downright woman with coarse gray hair cut short, intruded for the usual argument. Freddy's mother was slightly mannish. Was Freddy himself a trifle girlish?

"That's a lovely dress," observed Mrs. Harris.

It was: a picture gown of trailing cocoa crepe, very smooth-fitting, very low.

"You grow more and more addicted to pretty clothes, my dear. Freddy would ask nothing better than to keep you in new frocks for the rest of your days."

"Oh, please, Mrs. Harris!"

"You can't go on winning tennis tournaments forever."

Katie's eyes fastened upon her in a sudden sharp fear and suspicion. Already she was slipping; but she alone knew this, no one else! Officially she was still at the top—but not for long. At twenty-four she was beginning to be old for this sport of youngsters.

"Who's here?" she asked, to change the subject.

"People," shrugged Mrs. Harris. "I assure you, if it weren't for trying to keep Freddy amused, I'd give up entertaining all of New York City."

Katie smiled at her, thinking that this was not the truth. Mrs. Harris was the restless one. Freddy could sit for whole hours on his spine, quite happily, with a glass at his elbow.

"Why won't you take the poor boy on and make something of him?" burst forth Mrs. Harris. "You could—

you've got a tremendous influence over him."

"Two years ago," said Katie, "I might have believed that. But I've lost all my kid's illusions. I'm no longer a believer very much in missionary work."

"What can I do? I'm just his mother. But a girl he's in love with—He's not a bad boy," begged Mrs. Harris.

"A very amusing boy," said Katie lightly.

"Well, then—be practical! You could do a lot for Freddy—but so could Freddy do a lot for you. Somebody else?" the other woman shot at her suddenly.

"Heavens, no!"

Katie supposed she would be practical in the end. She had not quite mellowed to that point.

Twenty minutes later, in the nautical barroom, her gaze wandered from Freddy's long, sallow-faced, indolent person to a great hunk of a man with a ruddy face. Katie flattered herself that her heart did not miss a single beat. She dropped her eyes. She waited until just the right moment for the wide-eyed surprise, delicately exaggerated as a gesture of courtesy.

"Well! Who ever would expect to find Australia with us?"

"I missed you on the European tour," said Smith.

"I haven't crossed for two years. You're here for Forest Hills."

"Yes."

In the exodus to dinner, she glanced about vainly for—what was the woman's name?—Leam. Smith now. Then she remembered. She was probably, Katie reflected humorously, avoiding American canned foods in England!

Her place was next to Smith's.

"What luck! Whoever is responsible—"

"Just tennis," laughed Kate. "The common interest."

SHE was able to chatter at him with the inconsequential gaiety appropriate to a mere dinner party. Smith lazily followed her cue. She looked at the uncouth creature and marveled that she had ever been such a fool over him. He certainly did tip the scales in Freddy's favor. She could, if she would, pay him back in absolutely his own coin. But it no longer seemed so frightfully important. The sting was gone from that memory.

She could even ask him quite coolly if he was married to Miss Leam. Or could she? Really she was not curious enough to make the slight effort.

"What a child I was!" she sighed pensively.

"Eh? Don't try to prove to me that you've changed," drawled Smith. "You're the same girl."

She looked at him, startled. Suddenly she began to laugh. "You've dropped the soufflée on your lapel. I find the English mostly do."

"I'm Australian. Do what?"

"Dribble eggs and things on their lapels, if not on their chins."

"Never eat eggs," said Smith, imperturbably sponging at it with his napkin.

Now why must she laugh at him in just that way? Her laughter called up a memory which trembled between them for an instant.

After dinner there was an orchestra. Freddy's one exercise was dancing. At doing slick steps with his long legs he was a marvel, and ordinarily Katie would rather dance with Freddy drunk than with any one else sober. But not tonight. His favorite drink was stout and champagne mixed, which is a heady potion; and now, just when she wanted to feature Freddy with some pride, he must have had even more of it than usual, for his feet mixed and he looked foolish and vapid.

Impatiently Katie broke from him and went outside. To escape pursuit, she moved instinctively toward the deserted tennis court, which lay behind a covert of shrubbery.

THE clay court was blanched by a high moon. The constant wash of an invisible sea—audible out here as the music grew distant—made it somehow a peculiarly lonely place. But Katie was not alone. She was first aware of him in the strong scent of tobacco.

It was Smith, of course, who was part of a shadow, smoking a pipe.

"So you did know that I had a rendezvous with you here," he said.

"I did *not!*" retorted Katie indignantly.

"Hate to see you dancing with that bounder. He is an awful outsider."

Katie was suddenly so *furious.* "He's an insider for me," she stated coldly. "I happen to be engaged to him."

"Since when?"

"Tonight," she owned feebly.

"Thought so." He was laughing at her. Carefully he put down his pipe and came to her.

The sea sighed and breathed and sighed again. He might look at her and look at her, but she was a long way from that old innocent childish response to him—that free giving of her dreams, her kisses.

But suddenly she saw those two patient comic donkey ears, and had that irresistible impulse to pull at them. For the life of her, she could not have helped giggling. The kiss began on a laugh. But he laid his hand over her heart, and her hand covered his, and the laugh was stilled.

After a while she said: "Would it be out of order for me to ask—where's your fiancée?"

"Married," said Smith.

Katie's exclamation was outrage.

She could feel his grin. "But not to me."

"You may as well know," she said, "that I'm on the down grade in tennis."

"That goes for me too. We've been world beaters at that kids' game. But we'll be just ordinary dubs at life—eh, Katie?"

THE END

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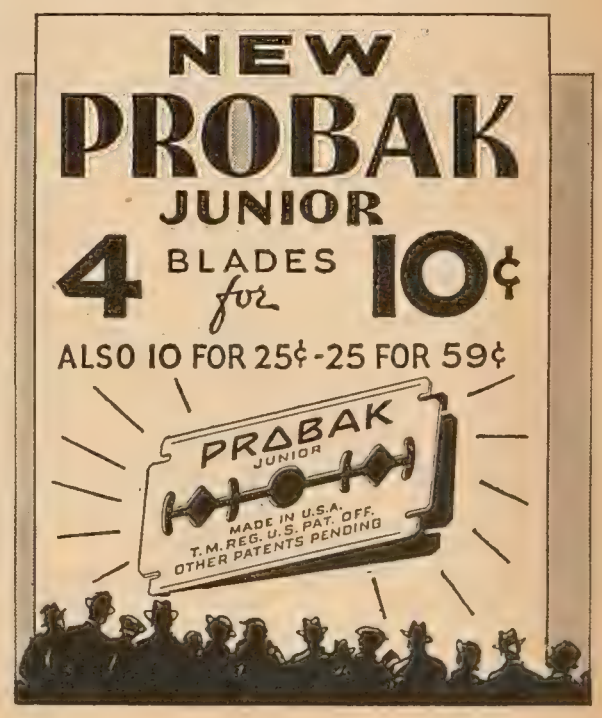

Crazy to Fight

The Bandit Jelenko—A Challenge to the Rising Sun—Ghosts vs. Hand Grenades . . . New Thrills in a Saga of Stirring Adventure

by MAJOR MYRON B. GOLDSMITH

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE culmination of Sam Johnson's remarkable career was his service in 1918-20 as head of the International Military Police force at Vladivostok, where he had been sent with the Siberian A. E. F. His first exploit was a roundup of bandits who had robbed the French Bank. Presently he found himself soldiering with Cossacks once more—and wrung brotherly admiration from even the hardest of hard-boiled Cossack colonels. Later he was obliged to make a daring arrest of four Cossacks who had killed a Czech officer. For that, Czechoslovakia added its Distinguished Service War Cross to his rapidly growing collection of military decorations.

PART FIVE—CUTTHROATS, COUNTERFEITERS, MUTINEERS

ABOUT a year after the armistice the United States transport Logan picked her way through the variegated and sinister craft in the harbor of Vladivostok and anchored at the dock.

In her hold were 60,000 rifles and several million rounds of ammunition. In her treasure box was a fortune in paper and silver currency. The war supplies were meant for Kolchak, leader of the White Russians. The money was to pay the American troops.

Major General Graves, commanding the Yanks in Siberia, had made repeated protests against the shipping of American arms to Russia. He knew that Kolchak's treacherous aides were selling the supplies to the Bolsheviki, to Kalmikoff, to Semenoff, to bandit leaders, to any one who would pay sufficient gold. But the State Department consistently ignored his protests.

And now Major Sam Johnson learned men were plotting to steal the money—which was to be entrusted to the French Bank—and to capture the ammunition, which would be unloaded on the dock within a few days.

Among the plotters was the bandit Jelenko.

Jelenko had a large force of his own. He had looted many of the towns in the vicinity of Vladivostok, slaughtered the peasants, burned their houses.

Johnson's information was that Jelenko was now conferring with other bandit leaders, with the aim of forming a small army. He intended to make a night raid on Vladivostok, capture the Amerikansky guns, and loot the banks—especially the French Bank.

But Johnson didn't know where Jelenko was or even what he looked like—until a little old Russian peasant came around.

"*Gospodin myor,*" the visitor said, "Jelenko is here."

The man was trembling.

"Where?"

"He has called a meeting of all the bandit leaders around Vladivostok. He will be there tonight. At the Demetrioff house on the First River."

Johnson unrolled a map on his desk.

"Show me where it is."

The little man put his finger on the map.

"There," he said. "A verst below this bend in the river. On the north bank."

"On a hilltop?"

"No, *Gospodin myor;* it is in a little valley with hills on all sides except where it faces the river."

There was no time to lose. The money would be placed in the bank the next day; and the arms and ammunition would be unloaded the day after.

Shortly after dark Major Johnson led a detachment to the valley, halting them on the river bank. He had brought machine guns, automatic rifles, and hand grenades, and the peasant who had given him the information.

"What's the best way of approaching that house?"

"You'll do better to attack from the rear," the peasant whispered. "But you must climb up a high cliff—and that's hard, *Gospodin myor.* Few men can climb that cliff. You must climb it and swoop down. Then you'll have him—you'll have Jelenko!"

Sam thought perhaps the old man was telling the truth. He knew a frontal attack was possible. The river could be forded. But it might be taped with machine guns.

"Stay here," Sam told the second in command. "If you hear shooting, ford the river and come up on the run. Watch out for machine guns. And guard this old man carefully."

There was no moon and the frosty stars gave little light. Sam called Sergeant Roder and Corporal Mickich and outlined his plan. Then he stepped into the icy stream. The two followed him.

The water came up to their armpits. They held their weapons and cartridge belts high over their heads. They gained the opposite bank without being detected, crept cautiously around the bend, and began the perilous climb.

They had scarcely snaked themselves over the crest than the corporal squeezed the major's arm.

"There's a sentry," he said. "Dead ahead."

They separated and crawled in the sentry's direction. Sam had barely started when, unfortunately, he kicked a small stone. It went over the side of the cliff with a great clatter. Concealment was no longer possible. He straightened up and walked boldly forward.

The sentry challenged him sharply, rifle aimed.

"A comrade," Johnson announced himself.

The man hesitated. The major made a flying tackle and downed him. Mickich smashed the man's skull with his pistol butt. But that head was hard, for the sentry

ILLUSTRATION BY HERBERT F. ROESE

still lived and fought. He sank his teeth into the hand Sam held over his mouth. Not until the pistol butt fell again did he cease to struggle. Sam pulled a flashlight and used it cautiously. Steps led down the face of the cliff. He went warily, leading the way. He expected to see other sentries. But there was none.

He stood outside the house, listening. Some one was talking in a loud voice about the Logan, her rifles, her chest of money.

"I'll kick open the door," Sam whispered. "Follow me in. I'll cover them. If any one moves, shoot to kill."

His boot crashed against the door. It gave way. Into the smoke-filled room the three Americans dashed. Eighteen bandit chiefs sprang to their feet. One reached for his gun. Sam shot him in the right hand.

"I'll give you until I count five. Then I'll throw a bomb. I'll make real ghosts of you."

As the noncoms moved around the table, disarming the prisoners, the military police came across the river.

The Serbian government decorated Johnson with the Distinguished Service Order of the White Eagle for this action—for Serbians had suffered severely from Jelenko's horde. Jelenko and his friends were hanged by Russian authorities, and their comrades destroyed or scattered.

But the American ammunition was still anybody's for the taking, it appeared. An American intelligence officer discovered that the Japanese were helping themselves to it—claiming it was against the law for Russians to transport military supplies in Vladivostok.

He notified headquarters, and Major Thomas W. King, the adjutant general of the Siberian A. E. F., phoned Johnson:

"The Japs are loading trucks with our ammunition right now on the Aleutskaya Street siding," he said. "You are to proceed there at once and take the guns from them at all costs."

Sam put seven men into an automobile and sped through the crowded streets. He found a war-strength company of Japanese soldiers, in command of a young lieutenant, working like so many ants to load a truck with those guns and cartridges.

"I'm Major Johnson," Sam said in Japanese. "I have instructions to take possession of this truck and the ammunition with which you've loaded it."

"I'm sorry, major," the lieutenant said, "but you can do nothing. We've confiscated it. I don't want to cause trouble, but if you insist there may be bloodshed."

Major Sam Johnson (left) and an American naval officer with a Russian boy saved from death at the hands of Red bandits. At right: Major Sam on the Japanese truck, his seven men about to jump on it, and in the background the Japanese infantry whom they defied. From a painting by Sergeant Zenman, who was one of the seven men.

"Suit yourself about that," Sam answered. "I'm following orders. Take your men away from here."

The lieutenant hissed an order. His men loaded their rifles, formed ranks. He turned to Johnson.

"If you are determined to carry out your orders, I shall not be responsible for the consequences."

"Consequences hell!" roared Johnson. "If you want to start a war with the United States, hop to it. This is as good a time as any."

He jumped up on the truck and drew his automatic. His men did the same.

A TENSE silence ensued. Eight crazy Americans stood up right in a Japanese army truck, automatics in their hands, defying 175 Japanese soldiers armed with rifles. At the first volley—should there be a volley—those eight men would die. And then what?

The lieutenant must have asked himself that question and found no very happy answer. For of a sudden he drew himself up and saluted, formed his company into a column of squads and marched them off the siding, leaving Johnson and his men in full possession.

The thrill of this victory had scarce begun to die when another thrill succeeded it—that of hunting ghosts in a frozen cemetery in the dark of night.

While inspecting the villages adjacent to Vladivostok, Sam and his force of Cossacks and Yanks met a group of peasants headed by a Greek Orthodox priest who chattered about ghosts. At first Major Johnson could make little sense of their stories. But, he decided, these people must have some reason for their palpable terror. And he determined to find out what it was. At ten o'clock that night he selected four Americans and four Russians and led them to a small copse overlooking the graveyard.

For some time he waited there. Then, observing nobody watching, he stole into the graveyard and squatted behind a tombstone. One by one his men followed.

It was intensely cold—and there must be as little movement as possible and as little noise. For over an hour the men waited in the snow and ice. Nothing happened.

There was only the keen wind moaning over bleak and frozen graves and through the whited trees.

Breaths came like steam out of their mouths. Faces ached with the cold. Tears came to their eyes and froze as they trickled down into their beards.

The far faint keening of a wolf unnerved them. The village clock struck twelve.

A white formless something glided noiselessly over the grave mounds and through the ranks of white crosses and slabs. It disappeared as suddenly as it had come. It had sunk into the earth, into a grave!

A second and a third form appeared and vanished. Living men turned sick. Teeth began to chatter. A fourth ghost came and went. The pale moon peered down from a rack of clouds, and Johnson looked around him.

"Piotr, you come with me," he called.

His voice seemed to break into a hundred echoes, to mock him from a hundred wind-swept mounds.

"No," the Cossack answered. "No, commandant. Against machine guns, bullets, bayonets—against anything on earth I will not hesitate. But this"—he crossed himself—"I am afraid. I dare not move."

Corporal Nickovich snorted and rose, beating his hands against his chest to warm them a little.

"The ghost don't live that can scare me," he said. "I'm with you, major."

"Come on!"

They two went cautiously, bumping against headstones. When they reached the spot where the spectral shapes had vanished, they found a large concrete vault with steps leading underground. The murmur of voices came faintly from the subterranean crypt.

"Ghosts don't talk," Nickovich said.

"And they don't hold conferences in a frozen graveyard at midnight—or any other time," said Johnson.

He blew his whistle and the men came up.

"Hey, you down there!" he shouted. "Come out with your hands up! The International Military Police have you surrounded."

The voices ceased. A clicking of machinery ceased.

"I'll give you until I count five. Then I'll throw a bomb. I'll make real ghosts of you."

Again there was no sound but the wind and the trees.

"One!"

Sam held a grenade in his hand and prepared to pull the pin and throw it.

"Two!"

Courage was coming back to the men. This was something they understood. Men dressed as ghosts had gone into that crypt. A bomb would bring them up.

"Three!"

A hoarse shout from below: "Hold on! We're coming up."

Three men in shirt sleeves, ordinary men, ascended the stairs, hands aloft. They shivered as they felt the blades of the wind.

"All out?"

"Yes," they chorused. "There are only three of us."

"That's fine," Sam assured them. "But I'll just throw this little pill to make sure."

"Wait. One more man is down below."

The fourth emerged—the leader.

Johnson then ventured into the crypt, and discovered a counterfeiting plant.

The Russian authorities found the ghosts guilty on two counts—one, making counterfeit money; and two, frightening the authorities of the hamlet almost to death. The four were shot.

A few weeks after the ghost rodeo, a Serbian captain burst into Sam's bedroom and shook him awake.

"Your pardon, major," he apologized. "Our Mohammedan troops have mutinied, killed the major, and converted their barracks into a fortress."

SAM jumped to the telephone and gave an order. As he hastened into his clothes the captain gave the details. "We ran out of beef and mutton," he said, "and the major asked the Mohammedans to forget their religion until we could get another supply. The American transport will be in port in a few days.

"The Moslems said contaminated flour had been served them. They determined to avenge the insult. This morning one of them, a private named Osman, fired three shots. Mutiny followed. All the Christians were disarmed or killed or wounded. The mutineers took possession of the barracks. They've built a barricade."

Within ten minutes Sam was in front of it. His men were there awaiting him.

"I'm going inside alone," Johnson said. "If they follow me out, close around them gradually. Disarm them without violence if you can."

"But if they kill the major—" Sergeant Roder began.

"They won't," the major said.

He approached the barricade. Corporals Nickovich and Masury followed without orders. A sentry warned them to stay away. Instead, Johnson dived through the flimsy barricade—and after him dived Nickovich and Masury.

A ring of Moslem guns menaced the three "unbelievers."

"I come in peace," the major said. "Take me to your leader."

The Americans were disarmed and held while the matter was discussed. At length they were permitted to enter the building. Osman was standing in the door.

"What's the cause of all this?" Johnson asked.

"Our major," Osman said, his eyes blazing with fanatic fire. "He tried to feed us the forbidden flesh. He is dead. We will die fighting for the faith!"

"*Allah il Allah!*" his men shouted. "*Allahu Akbar!*"

Johnson held up his hand for silence.

"Why all this foolish talk of fighting and dying? Why not live and eat? We have the food your faith requires, and I promise you'll get it. Can you trust me?"

"The Americans," said Osman, after a lengthy discussion with his followers, "are known to be fair. You will give us food?"

"Yes."

"But what will happen to us?"

"I don't know. That is a matter for your own countrymen to decide. If you wish food, come with me."

Osman turned and started. The Moslems followed. The mutiny was dead.

Johnson led the mutineers outside the barricade, where they were disarmed. He led them to tables piled with meat and bread they might eat without offending Allah. After breakfast the Serbian officers placed them under arrest and tried them by court-martial. The leaders were executed by firing squad the next morning.

On an inspection of near-by villages Sam took a body of Cossacks with him. The troop went swiftly over the road. The country stretched out all about them, seemingly limitless, seemingly void of life and barren of excitement.

THEN a column of smoke was rising from a village far ahead. Sam dug in his spurs. The little troop went on the gallop.

A woman came running out of a house. She was sobbing. Sam pulled up his horse and listened to her story. Ahead, a group of peasants were watching their church burn.

Sam followed the woman into her home. The house had been sacked. The furniture had been hacked and smashed and broken. A beautiful

CRITICAL MOMENTS No. 3

"IF MARTIN HAD TAKEN ANOTHER 3 STEPS!" SAID MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON

"Martin was waiting in the dark for me to bring our Eveready Flashlight. I shot its beam past him . . . and *there,* barely ten feet off, was a huge elephant!"

OSA JOHNSON
(*Excerpt from an actual letter*)

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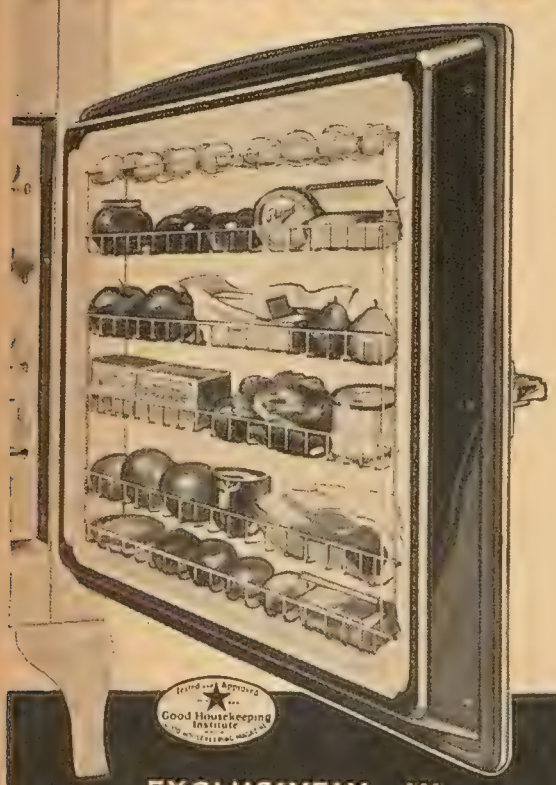

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HOTEL PARK CHAMBERS

young woman lay on the floor, weeping for shame and anguish.

The trail of the raiders was marked by bits of plunder. Sam and his Cossacks traveled fast until they located the bandit camp in a small semicircular valley. From a count of the tents he estimated there must be six hundred men there. He had only fifty with him—and no time to send for reinforcements.

He dismounted the troop and sent the automatic riflemen to vantage points overlooking the camp.

"Wave your handkerchiefs when you get there," he commanded. "I'll ride into camp. Keep your eyes on me. If I raise my hand, fire a burst overhead. If a scrap starts, fire into the tents."

He waited for their signals, then rode into the camp with about forty men. The bandits swarmed around him. A slovenly bearded Russian stepped forward.

"I'm in command here. What do you want?"

"I want the eight mongrels, and sons of mongrels, who assaulted the girl," Sam said. "And I want them now."

"You are a fool. You must be tired of living."

"Do you think so? Your camp is surrounded by three thousand men. Watch!"

Sam raised his hand, and all about the camp the hills began to chatter. He lowered his arm. The hills were still; but echoes of automatic rifle fire still played in the valley.

"You have three minutes," Sam said, taking out his watch.

In two minutes the men were brought to him.

They were tried by the local authorities in the light of the burning church. Three were hanged. The rest were lined against the nearest wall and shot.

Sam returned to Vladivostok; but he couldn't forget the girl. "She's too fine and beautiful to be left in that God-forsaken district," he told a young Cossack officer. "She needs a husband, a strong young man, a soldier—in fact, a Cossack officer."

Sam's friend laughed. "Let's go see this hidden beauty," he said. "If she can stir you like this, she might be half as fine and lovely as you say."

Sam introduced the two, and danced at their wedding.

There were frequent brushes with bandits—but sometimes a word was enough to disperse them. Roving bands who called themselves Partisans encamped near the bay and began to annoy the authorities by running guns. Sam went to the camp of these Partisans on a tugboat, taking Major Riley Allen of the American Red Cross and a few men with him.

"You'll have to get out of here," he said, addressing the Partisan leader.

"Why?" that individual asked.

"We have no quarrel with the Amerikansky. Why do you seek trouble with us?" He leered at Johnson. "Suppose we attacked you now," he said, "what could you do?"

Johnson smiled.

"You've never seen Americans shoot," he said.

A crow flapped lazily through the air and settled on a fence post thirty-five yards away. Before the peasant leader could guess what Sam had in mind, he had whipped out his gun, shot off the crow's head, and shoved his weapon back into its holster.

"All Americans shoot like that," he said. "We learn to shoot as soon as we are weaned."

"You must pardon me, *Gospodin myor,*" the Partisan said. "I did not understand. We go tonight."

There was no lack of excitement round about Vladivostok. And in the city itself the Gaida revolution was brewing—a revolt that was to break out suddenly into a fearful battle in the Vladivostok railroad terminal.

During that battle, under torrents of fire Sam Johnson rescued a trainload of noncombatants. With the true story of this crowning act of heroism on his part, Crazy to Fight will be concluded in Liberty next week.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 23

1—It is the highest mountain in Wales, 3,560 feet in height.

2—Samuel Christian Friedrich Hahnemann, a German physician.

3—Direct current flows in one direction only: alternating current reverses its direction of flow at regularly recurring intervals.

4—In 1933 a total of 11,903,344 tons.

5—The Gulf of Maine.

6—A complement is that which fills up or completes: a compliment is a flattering speech or attention.

7—A bar to one's alleging or denying a fact because of his own previous action by which the contrary has been admitted, implied, or determined.

8—Approximately 2,500 officers and men, divided in fourteen divisions of varying strength.

9—George Bruce Cortelyou, during the term of Theodore Roosevelt.

10—Embezzlement is the fraudulent appropriation of property by a person to whom it is entrusted: larceny is the unlawful taking away of things without the owner's consent; theft.

11—Generally speaking, bills of exchange, promissory notes, and checks that are payable to bearer or order.

12—A signal telegraph, used especially on railroads, for giving signals by the disposition of lanterns, flags, arms, etc.

13—He died in Tunis in 1852 and was buried there; but in 1883 his body was reinterred at Washington.

14—A project to connect Montreal and Lake Ontario by a deep-water ship canal.

15—From 8,000 to 10,000 gallons.

16—Poison gas killed 1,399 men and measles 2,370.

17—*Quantum sufficit* (a sufficient quantity).

18—British Columbia, with an area of 353,000 square miles.

19—A copy of a work of art, especially one made by the maker of the original and presumed to be of equal value.

20—The Ephraimites. Judges 12: 5, 6.

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GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS

LAST LATE-ENTRY OFFER

YOUR chance to win one of the substantial prizes Liberty will pay for the 334 best entries in this game is excellent. You can enter direct from this page. If you have been planning to play the game but have delayed your entry, now is the time to start. Read the rules and then solve and identify the three famous Americans in the composites. Then, if you need any or all of the foregoing material to bring your entry up to date, and do not have the copies of Liberty in which the first five sets appeared, write for free reprints. Address your letter to the address in Rule 5, specifying the sets you need by number. No free reprints will be supplied after Monday, June 17, so if you need them get your request in promptly. Remember, your chance to win is still excellent.

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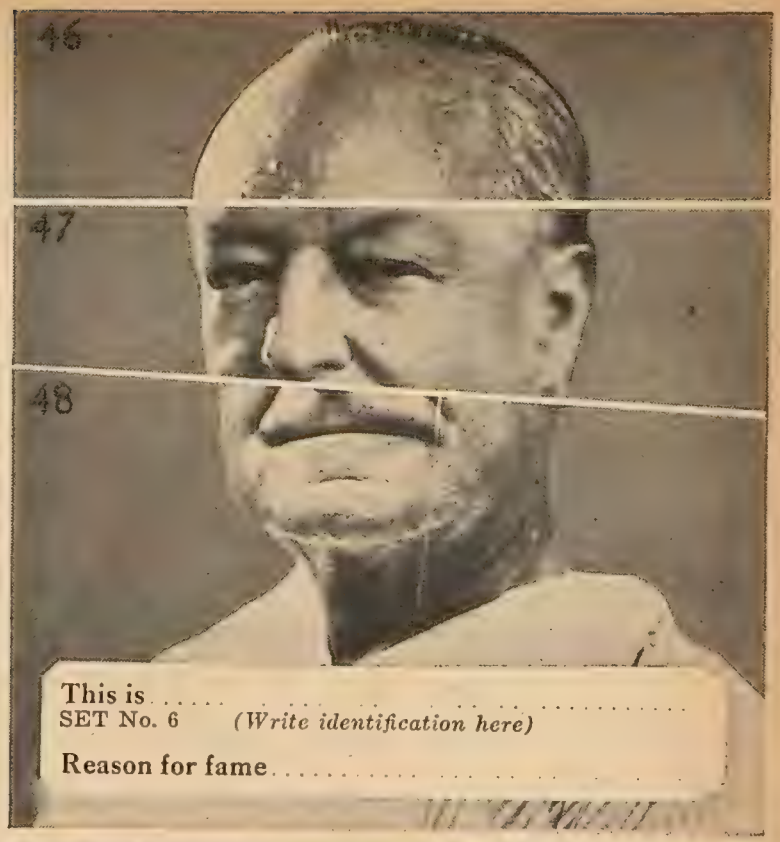
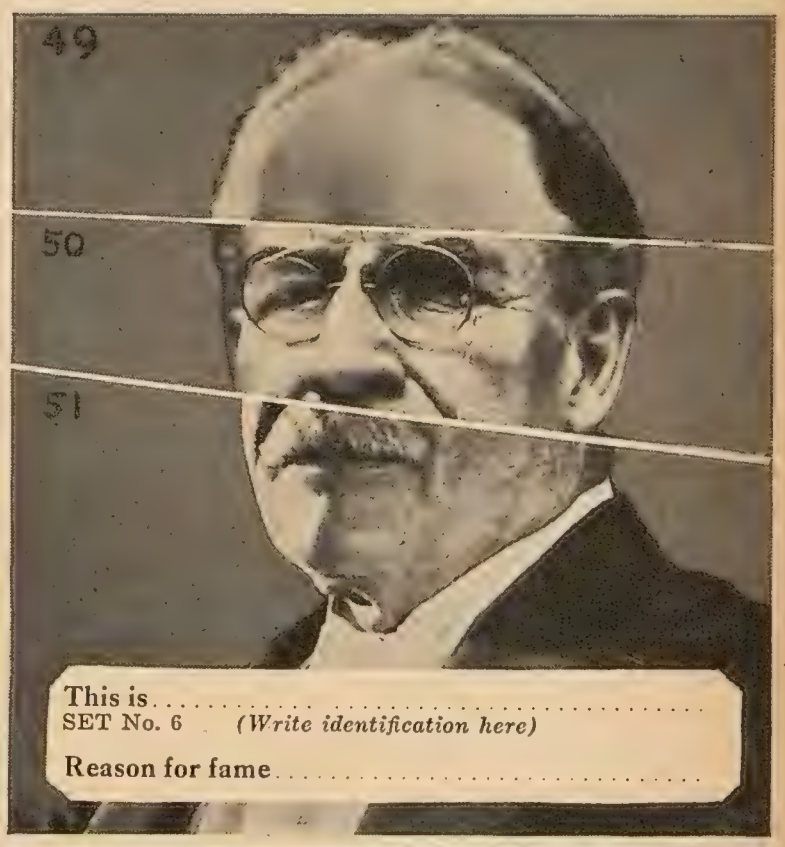
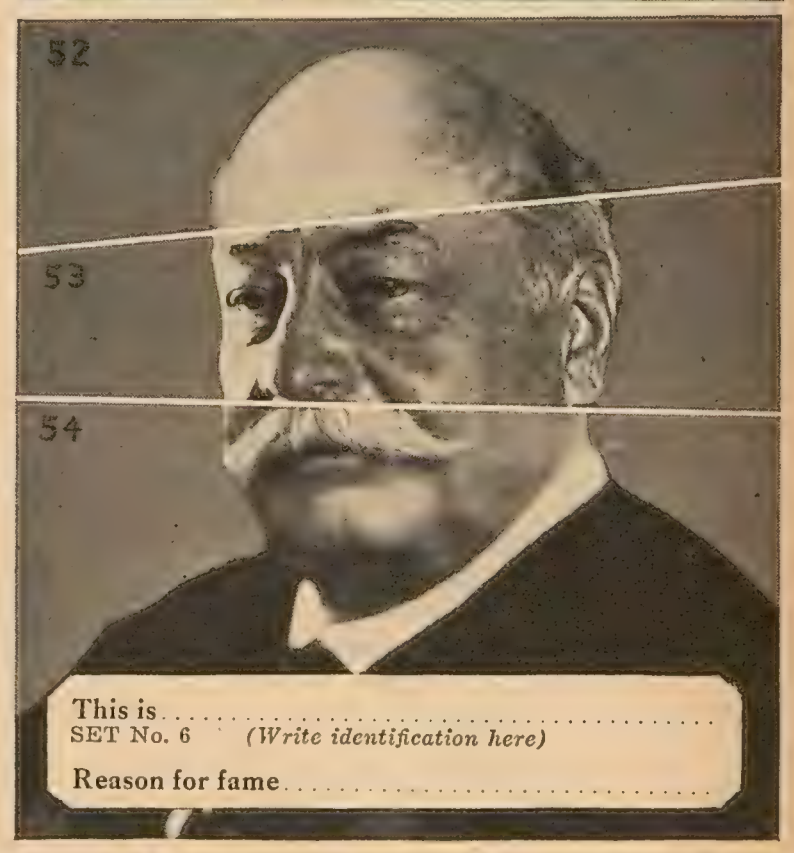
THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish three composite pictures of Famous Americans.
2. Each set of composites when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of three persons.
3. For the nearest correctly identified and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $5,000 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule on this page. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence with any contestant.
4. To compete, simply cut apart, or trace accurately, and reassemble the composites correctly. Then, in the space provided under each, write the name and the event or work for which the person is famous.
5. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have all thirty composites solved and identified, send them by first-class mail to GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
6. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 24, 1935, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.







ANOTHER SET OF COMPOSITES NEXT WEEK!

IRENE THE STUBBORN GIRL

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

WHEN they reached forty-nine East Forty-ninth Street, Irene would have been delighted to let Godfrey carry her up the two flights of stairs to his apartment. That sort of thing appealed to her romantically. But Godfrey wasn't having any of it; so when, after the cabby had been paid, she pretended to be asleep, passed out, or what you will, he took off her slippers and hammered the soles of her feet. She immediately stopped pretending to be asleep and said, "I won't make you carry me if you'll let me come to your apartment instead of going to mine, and if you'll minister to me."

"I'll minister to you," said Godfrey. "Come on." He opened his door and they went in.

"Now turn on a couple of lights and light the fire," said Irene. "I'll just go and slip into something cozy."

Before he could stop her, she had disappeared through the passage that led to his bedroom. Presently, as Godfrey got the fire merrily blazing, she returned. She was wearing a suit of his pajamas and his silk dressing gown. In her hand she carried his bedroom slippers.

"Here," she said. "You've had a hard day, honey. You can tell me all about it if you like."

She draped herself on a studio bed that lay at one side of the fireplace and motioned him to come and sit by her. He did, baffled into automaton obedience by her extraordinary behavior. She promptly reached up a long arm and began to scratch his head.

"Poor Godfrey!"

And then he realized that, quite contrary to leading up to the big sex scene that he'd thought she was shooting at, she simply wanted to play house with him.

"Did it make you feel lousy, going there, Godfrey?"

"Yes."

"Poor Godfrey."

Then, without intending to at all, he suddenly was telling her all about it—unloading his heart to her completely about how it *had* upset him frightfully. And then he told her other things about himself and about prison and how rotten it had been when he'd got out. Irene listened beautifully. He looked down at her and smiled.

"I've given you an earful," he said.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SWAIN

All's Well that Ends Well . . . Here's Your Last Laugh at This Sparkling Potpourri of Fun — The Hilarious Denouement of 1935's Most Joyously Cockeyed Love Story

by Eric Hatch

She didn't see her mother or Carlo, but stopped and stared at Godfrey.

"I loved it, Godfrey. It's much nicer for you to have somebody here to talk to like that, don't you think so?"

He nodded. Then, as a sort of payback proposition, he began scratching her head. In two minutes she was fast asleep.

He fell to thinking about Viola. He tried to picture Irene putting people in jail, and was unable to. He compared Irene and Viola for a few minutes. Then, deciding it was bedtime for both of them, he picked her up—using the fireman's lift again, of course, for that was the only way any one but a circus strong man could pick Irene up—and staggered to the bedroom with her.

Here, when he had got his breath, he took off her dressing gown and slippers, carefully placed her between the sheets, and tucked her in. Godfrey thought nothing of putting Irene to bed. After his months of service with them he thought no more of putting Bullocks to bed than he did of putting himself there. But putting Irene in *his* bed disturbed him.

Godfrey went back to his living room and lay down on the studio couch. He slept there until morning, when a violent hammering on his front door awakened him. Foggy, he went to open it, and Mrs. Bullock, followed by Carlo, bounced into the room. She was fair in a state.

"Godfrey! Oh, Godfrey! We forgot Irene again after dinner last night, and now she's gone!"

"Gone?" said Godfrey.

"But yes!" said Carlo, who was at this point just a bundle of nerves. "Haire bed she's not been slept!"

"Godfrey" — Angelica Bullock looked as though at any moment she might scream—"have you any idea where she could be?"

Then, without quite realizing what he was saying, Godfrey yawned, stretched, and said through his yawn, "Why, yes. Matter of fact, she's in my bed."

The effect of this pretty little announcement on Godfrey's two auditors was instantaneous and violent. Angelica Bullock's eyes popped wide open. She groped for a chair and weakly collapsed upon it. Carlo beamed and clapped his hands, then rushed to succor her.

"But how charmeeng!" he cried gaily.

"Charming my eye!" said Mrs. Bullock. "It's shocking—but quite, quite shocking!" She looked tearfully at Godfrey. "Oh, how could you!" Then for an instant she brightened, turned to Carlo and said, "Perhaps they're married!"

"But that would spoil eet. Eet would be nuzzing like such foon."

"Godfrey, are you and Irene married?"

"Certainly we're not married."

"Oh, *God*frey!"

"Our Godfrey ees not only staot

faylow, he ees hot sport too, eh, Godfrey?" Here Carlo executed a few little steps intended to show that he understood all about hot sports. Mrs. Bullock, who felt faint, said, "Just what is my daughter doing in your bed?"

Godfrey grinned.

"I don't know," he said. "I haven't seen her since I put her there."

Mrs. Bullock had stood all she could. Although she often dropped into Godfrey's apartment for a quick snort in the late afternoons and evenings and knew her way about it as well as he did, she rose from her chair, flung an arm across her chest, and said, "Take me to my daughter!"

The dramatic effect of this was not at all spoiled by Irene's choosing that particular instant to come fumbling her way into the room. She was as sleepy as Godfrey had been a few moments before. She had forgotten to put on either slippers or dressing gown; her eyes were half closed. She didn't see her mother or Carlo, but stopped near the doorway and stared at Godfrey.

"What the hell's all the noise for, honey? Just because you like to get up early's no reason why I should."

Godfrey thought the fooling had gone far enough. He walked over to Mrs. Bullock and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Angelica," he said, "I've just been kidding you. Irene didn't feel well last night when we got home. She wanted to stay here, so I let her have my room and I slept here on the studio bed."

"He lies in his teeth," said Irene, suddenly waking up.

"Hooray!" said Carlo.

Mrs. Bullock, thoroughly angry at Godfrey for the first time since she had met him, about-faced and strode from the room. Carlo gave him a queer look and then went after Angelica.

Irene was leaning against the doorway to the kitchen, looking down at Godfrey. She spoke:

"Of course you realize, no matter what you say, ma's going to go right on thinking the worst, don't you?"

"Nonsense!"

"I want her to. Maybe she'll make you marry me."

"Good God!" said Godfrey.

"As a gentleman," said Irene, "what other course is open to you?"

"Lots of courses," said Godfrey.

"But supposing I have a baby?"

"*What?*"

"I said, supposing I have a baby?"

He had never discussed Sex and Life and Flowers and Birds and Bees with Irene, but he didn't for the life of him see how she could have failed to accumulate a working knowledge at least on some of these subjects. Still, with Irene anything was possible. He said, "How could you?"

"Oh, quite easily, I expect, if I set about it."

"Go get dressed."

"But supposing I do? You'd be in a fine fix if you weren't married to me." She came over now and sat on the arm of his chair. "Oh, Godfrey, why don't you want to marry me? I'd be kind to you, Godfrey. I wouldn't mind if you didn't love me such an awful lot. Anyway, by the time we'd grown old together you probably would."

IT occurred to Godfrey that any one married to Irene would grow old very quickly. He stood up, put his arm around her, and led her through the kitchen to the bedroom. Then he closed the door after her and set about rallying the breakfast. He had no sooner started his eggs on the fire than there came another pounding on his door.

This time it was Cornelia. She flounced into the room, blew Godfrey to a withering look, and sat down.

"Say," she said. "What goes on here? Ma phoned me to get here quick."

"You tell me," said Godfrey. "This apartment's got to be nothing but a passageway this morning."

"Where's Irene?"

"Dressing," said Godfrey. "At least I hope she's dressing."

Cornelia gave him another withering look. This one was full of accusing scorn, and it was so sincere that it made him feel creepy. An innocent man accused hard enough will, after a while, begin to think he's guilty. Godfrey began to be uncomfortable. Cornelia, still withering, went on.

"Of course," she said, "*I* don't mind what you and Irene do; but don't you think it's slightly bad form boasting about it to mother?"

"Your mother doesn't honestly believe there was anything wrong about it, does she?"

"He talks like a *child!*" said Cornelia. "You don't mean to stand there with guilt written all over you and try and tell me there *wasn't* anything wrong about it, do you?"

"Of course there wasn't."

THEIR voices during this discussion had been growing louder and louder. Evidently they carried to the bedroom, for Irene shouted, "Of course there *was!*" Irene had her pride to maintain.

"Come out of there and tell the truth!" yelled Godfrey.

"I won't! I'm going to stay right here."

"You come on out!"

"I can't, honey; I'm in the bath."

Cornelia nodded her head and squinted her eyes at Godfrey.

"'I can't, honey,'" she repeated; "'I'm in the bath.' Fine talk!"

"Listen, Cornelia." There was a helplessness in his voice. "I don't care whether you believe me or not. I know you've disliked me intensely from the minute I chucked you into that bush. But just this once be a pal, will you? Get Irene out of here and get her down to your mother and make her tell the truth. Will you, Cornelia?"

"No," said Cornelia.

He began angrily to pace the room, a blind rage rising in him—a rage against himself, against Irene, against all Bullocks old and young, large and small.

Cornelia had waited a long time for revenge about that bush business. Now she had it. She didn't think she had ever seen a man look quite so foolish as Godfrey. So as he paced she smiled, and that made him even madder.

Then, with a sort of French flounce of her skirts that she must have learned from Molly, she flipped herself out of the apartment, banging the door behind her.

Godfrey stopped pacing. He went over and shot the bolt on the door. Then he stood in front of it for quite a little time, thinking.

It *was* quiet in the apartment. There was the sound of water splashing in the bath at the rear of the apartment. That was a pleasant noise. He looked about him at the various "possessions" that he'd acquired, the way men in a spot are apt to do to bolster themselves up. There were the old-brass fire set, the Venetian blinds, the studio couch with its expensive cover, the mahogany tables. All of them he'd got for himself, with his own money. They weren't like the house in Myopia that, really, he'd got with his father's money through inheritance.

Then it stopped being quiet in the apartment. Mingled with the splashing noises from the bathroom came a voice singing. It was half soprano, half contralto, as though the voice was torn in anguish at trying to decide which field it should operate in. With the voice came words—ribald unseemly words for bathtub singing in a walk-up apartment that had an old-brass fire set and what not. The awful part of it was the enthusiasm lying behind the rendering of the thing.

Godfrey listened to a verse or stanza. Then he cursed. Then he listened again. If one got thinking about it and realized that a singularly attractive young woman (for all her size) was singing exuberantly in the bath simply because she was so glad to be in that particular bath, one forgot the song and felt that maybe it might be sort of nice to have somebody around who *could* feel like that about being in that particular bath.

"What the hell," he said. "We might just as well *be* married as have this sort of thing going on!"

He remembered certain things that had happened last night. They needed attending to. He went to the telephone and dialed the Hotel Pierre.

Viola Bogert was none too cordial when she answered. She wasn't the sort of lady who likes strange men dashing off into the night because other ladies seem to need

them. She said, "It's probably just as well for you that you called."

Godfrey, who had quailed before her the day before, at this moment wasn't eating it. Things had happened inside his head.

"Why?"

"I might have got sore if you hadn't."

"You got sore once before," said Godfrey.

"And you know what happened. Are you going to—help me?"

"No," said Godfrey. "I don't have to, because"—it may have been unworthy of him, but he aped her accent—"my sweet, I just realized that if you got a nickel out of this you'd be in for conspiracy too!"

With that he hung up, and barged through the pantry and into the bedroom. For once Irene had put on a bathrobe before leaving the bath—probably because it was his. She had also heard him telephoning. She was now standing leaning against the door of the bathroom.

"Irene!" He stopped halfway across the bedroom. "Will you marry me? I've been sort of thinking. Will you?"

Irene Bullock was in many ways a very remarkable woman. She had character. She would have given her ankles to marry Godfrey if she'd thought he wanted her. Now she thought he'd been bulldozed into it by some fool sense of honor.

"No," she said. "I won't."

"You won't?"

"If you were the last man about town, I wouldn't marry you!"

He looked at her. In the few moments that had passed since he'd decided to himself that he'd be much happier married to Irene than he possibly could be not married to her, it hadn't dawned on him for an instant that she wouldn't topple into his arms. He continued looking at her, and something of the things he was feeling apparently got across—because Irene left her position by the bathroom door and started toward him. Her eyes were swimming, it seemed with affection, though she might have got soap in them. Her advance was determined.

"Honey," she said, "it isn't as if I wouldn't be damned glad to marry you, but I *can't* marry you with ma holding the machine gun back of your ear. You'd loathe it!"

"Hungh?"

"Of course you would!" Irene was within two feet of him now. She covered the remaining ground quickly and more or less coiled herself about him. "Of course I'd go anywheres you want with you, because I love you, but how *could* I marry you after mother and—"

"You watch how!" said Godfrey.

SOME six weeks later, the tiny tramp steamer Star of Bengal cleared from Tahiti for an island many miles to the southward where she put in twice a year to trade with natives. Aboard her, thoroughly content with themselves and having a perfectly lovely time, were Irene and Godfrey. Since the bank and the government had been only too glad to let the hue and cry for father Bullock die down, they were come for the parental blessing.

They had gone the night of their marriage to the jungle village, where Irene, after her ghastly romantic manner, had insisted on Godfrey finding his old packing-box house, gaining the permission of its present tenant, and then had made him carry her over its threshold. She berated him a little when he used, as always, the fireman's lift. But she was far too happy to really care. Then, with Pete in tow, they had once again stepped out into Beacon Street and Main Street and Grosvenor Square and four Broadways, and headed westward.

Eventually Pete had placed them aboard the tramp steamer, and then had decided to come along himself "just for the ride." The way he'd put it was, "I guess I knows how to be a gennulmun's gennulmun. I'll be Parky's wallet."

As the Star of Bengal fumed and huffed her way over the oily Pacific and made her landfall, Godfrey and Irene stood on the bridge.

He was thinking the pleasant agreeable sexy things one is apt to think in mid-Pacific if one is normal and has chanced to fall violently in love with one's wife. Irene, married, had bloomed. Since she didn't have to chase after him and go on trying to make him marry her, the one thing that had really stood between them had been removed. She was loving, looked after him when he needed looking after. and, except that she'd got lost two or three times on this honeymoon, was a great joy to him and hardly any trouble at all. After all, they'd lived in the same house together for a long time; they knew each other's ways.

At six of a cloudless afternoon they slipped noisily between the coral reefs and dropped anchor off Palda. At six thirty the ship's longboat put them, accompanied by Pete, on the beach. They were immediately surrounded by a crowd of stark-naked natives who greeted them with smiles, flowers, and a curious form of English. Godfrey addressed the largest of them, who, judging by the flowers in his hair, seemed to be chief.

"Is there a man here named Alexander Bullock?"

"Sure. He great man. He great banker. Come, we go to bank."

Pete looked at one or two of the more attractive lady natives.

"You know, Parky," he said, "I t'ink I stay here an' take a swim, maybe."

GODFREY and Irene followed the beflowered man across the beach to where there was a village of huts on stilts, after the Samoan manner. In the center of the village was a more or less normal-looking house. As they neared it they could see there was a sign outside—quite a big sign with neat lettering on it. The native pointed to it with pride.

"Bank," he said. "Fine big 'Merican bank."

And then they were near enough to read the sign:

THE SOUTH CENTRAL BANK AND TRUST CO.—PALDA BRANCH
Alexander Bullock, President

Irene and Godfrey's eyes met. He said, "My God!"

"After all," said Irene, "pa's a banker, isn't he?"

They went up some steps on to a veranda and into the building. Its insides were arranged entirely in bank fashion, with strips of bamboo forming the teller's cage in place of the customary steel or brass bars. A nude native in a high hat was in the cage. At a rude table a girl—quite a pretty girl wearing a flower here and there—sat. She was evidently awaiting their coming. She glanced up as they entered.

"I see if Mistaire Bullock see you," she said. "He in conference."

Then Bullock, looking fit as a fiddle in khaki shorts and with a garland of flowers in his hair, stepped through a bamboo string curtain. He looked from Godfrey to Irene and back, his eyes goggling at them.

"Hello, pa," said Irene. "We're married."

"You!" said Bullock. "Here!"

"Sure," said Godfrey. He wanted to lighten things up. "I see you've got the plant all set for skinning the natives. You just can't help it, can you?"

Bullock put his hand to his lips and without another word led the way through the bamboo curtain to his private office, that was filled mostly by a huge safe that looked oddly out of place. He opened it and pulled out a drawer. The drawer was full to the brim with pearls—great, glowing pearls.

Godfrey looked at them in amazement. Irene simply said, "Oh, pearls. They're pretty."

"Been doing some diving?" said Godfrey.

"They represent banking fees," said Bullock. "I do the trading for all the people on the island. In return they pay me what I consider a fair commission." His eyes looked through a glassless window at the sea and at the Star of Bengal riding there at anchor. "When I get enough to pay back the bank I'm going home." He leaned close to Godfrey, and put his arm gingerly about Irene. "But when you meet them in a few minutes, for God's sake don't tell my wives."

Godfrey smiled. He was wondering just how many mothers-in-law he had, and he was thinking that even if they were all battle-axes and war-horses, he could stand up to ten anyway. Being married to Irene was worth it!

THE END

Vox Pop

BUTTONS OFF VESTS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Since the traffic situation is again under review, I wish to eulogize that phenomenon of our modern age, the Experienced Driver. This man will usually be found to have a driving experience of from one to twelve years. His long experience has taught him to ignore such trivialities as gears, arm signals, intersection buttons, and pedestrians. He whirls in and out of traffic, keeps safety-zone buttons bright-

ly polished, avoids other cars a fraction of an inch by most adroit maneuvering, and, to show what perfect control he has at all times, speeds 30 per up to the pedestrian crossings and then slams on all four. He has two positions for his foot: all the way down on the throttle, or all the way down on the brake.

Are you a passenger in his car? Fear not. Your safety is in the hands of an Experienced Driver. Calm your trepidations if he takes the paint off other cars' fenders or clips buttons off pedestrians' vests. Have faith in his expertness. Relax. He knows what he is doing and you have no cause for worry!—*Graph Waldeyer.*

MARBLES UNDER THE TONGUE

MUSKEGON, MICH.—In April 27 Vox Pop, Sussen Christensen writes of standardizing our speech. Don't fear, Sussen, for it will be a long time before we talk like movie stars or radio announcers. They have to do it to hold their jobs. To talk funny like they do requires quite a bit of practice.

Two medium-size marbles under the tongue will do the trick. Try it.—*An Old Actor.*

TOO PHUNNY TO BE PHONY

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Perhaps you will settle a little argument. A friend of mine, we'll say A, says that Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra are genuine letters, with noms de plume (pen names) signed to them. I say, we'll say B, that Mr. Green could not have access to such letters and that he wrote them himself. A, that's my friend, says they are too funny to be phony, and B, that's me, says they are too phony to be funny. Get it? Perhaps Mr. Green, we'll say C, will come forward and explain.—*Thomas A. Langan.*

LAUGH THIS OFF

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Our national weakness is laughter. We waste too much time looking for something to guffaw about. It is a sad commentary on national thought when our publications devote so much space to humor.

Whole pages and sections of periodicals and newspapers are given over to "jokes," "comics," "funnies," and like nonsense. Our Puritan fathers, who certainly had no time for such trivialities, would surely be pained with disappointment could they see us now! A nation of giggling wisecrackers!

Where do you suppose George Washington would have got to if he had stopped to peruse the antics of Pop Eye the Sailor or Maggie and Jiggs?

Laughter and humor have never accomplished one single constructive work. Jokesters have done more damage than patriots could repair. Jokes nor humor have no place in history nor in the cosmic scheme.

I believe there should be severe restrictions and penalties placed upon all unseeming levity—and all levity is unseeming. A person guilty of laughter in public should be placed in the stocks. It is high time this nation became serious if it is to be seriously taken as a leader. It is little wonder that legitimate business is on the rocks. We have paid too much attention to monkey business!—*C. K. S.*

BIDS FOR AMERICAN LEAGUE

WINNIPEG, MAN.—In Liberty of April 27 William Harridge, president of the American Baseball League, makes the statement that the time element precludes serious consideration of a Montreal entry in that league.

In making this statement Mr. Harridge shows a woeful lack of geography or common sense, and I hardly think it is the latter.

A Montreal team in the American League would probably add strength to the circuit if it replaced one of the weak sisters; for example the Browns, White Sox, Athletics, or Red Sox. A Canadian team with an international angle would probably make the turnstiles click, as witnessed by the way the Canadian hockey entrants pack 'em in in the American centers.—*Harold Moore.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mr. William Harridge, president of the American League, suggests changing the location of several major-league baseball franchises for very good reasons. Has the city of Indianapolis in Indiana been considered as a possible parking place for one of these coveted privileges? A ballot for Indianapolis!—*Gerson Marks.*

SHORT SHORTS . . . A BLUE MOON

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—One of the items which interests me in your very interesting magazine is your short short stories. I receive your book every week and almost invariably turn first to these stories, regardless of articles by famous authors, famous speeches, or various featured novelties.—*Hugo Peter Truppner.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Only once in a blue moon do you give us something really good in your short shorts. I'm not speaking only for myself. I hear them knocked pretty nearly everywhere I go. . . . "Are you listenin'?" Sort them out a bit better, if you know what I mean!—*Francis Sims Pounds, M.D.*

CHEERS FOR YOKE CROCHETERS

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—A woman who knits or crochets is a thrifty housewife, actual or prospective, who is endowed with patience that rivals Job's, intelligence that equals Einstein's, and industry that shames the much-praised busy bee.

Witness how swiftly she glides through the instructions for turning out

a crocheted dress. Note especially the rules for the yoke: "Attach thread to 3rd st from last of 23 s c made down slanting side. Make 1 s c in next 3 sts, ch 3, skip first 3 sts of center group, 1 d c in next st, ch 3, skip 3 sts, 1 s c into each of next 3 sts, ch 3, skip 3 sts"—and that's only a part of the first row! The third and fourth and all the others are equally confusing. Any woman who can accomplish that task is not only an artist and mathematician but a philosopher. Three rousing cheers for the women who can crochet a yoke!—*Lela McClintock.*

WEIRD . . . IMMORTAL

ITTA BENA, MISS.—Hurrah for H. Bedford-Jones! Banzai for Liberty!

If there were no other justification for Liberty's existence, its bringing out the two weird stories, Still Alive and Gypsy Love Song, would be enough to emblazon its name among the immortal publications.—*J. E. Greer.*

"GOBS LAY DOWN THEIR SWABS"

QUANTICO, VA.—After reading the letter of G. S. Austin, U. S. Navy, in Vox Pop of May 4, we have come to the conclusion that our flat-footed friend has been in the service a very short time. Having served aboard several ships of the navy, we have found that a sailor's initial training consists of manning the

business end of a swab, shining brass, and various and sundry duties of a modern housewife.

If gob Austin will read the origin and purpose of the Marine Corps, he will see that they were placed aboard ship to prevent mutiny among the sailors and to do the ship's fighting.

We heartily agree with the Coast Guardsmen as to the ability of the navy. "Ten thousand gobs lay down their swabs to lick one sick marine."—*Two Machine Gunners from the Fighting Fifth.*

"BLONDY" HIT 2 HOME RUNS

WORCESTER, MASS.—In April 20 Vox Pop I read how George Weldon of Freeport, Illinois, presumably a White Sox fan, asks when Blondy Ryan played with the Chicago club. Well, Mr. Weldon, Blondy, after slinging a football and baseball around at Holy Cross College for four years, went to the White Sox and in his first game hit two home runs! —*An Ardent Holy Cross and Blondy Ryan Fan.*

WORKERS HAVE NO VOICE?

MIDLAND, ARK.—The government is likely to run into more trouble than is necessary over its labor policy. In backing William Green and John L. Lewis against all comers, they are causing no little dissatisfaction among the workers.

Many workmen feel that a bargain has been made between the A. F. of L. and the administration, and that their membership is being used for political purposes, as a political machine, rather than an organization looking toward stabilizing industry.

"Why organize at all," they ask, "if we have no choice but to follow leaders whose principles we do not endorse? What difference does it make whether the union is company-controlled or government-controlled, so long as we (the workmen) have no voice in the policy of the union?"

Political leaders who expect William Green and John L. Lewis to deliver the labor vote in a package had better give some consideration to the men who are going to do the voting.—*John Hobbs.*

"HITLER—ANOTHER WORLD WAR"

ATLANTA, GA.—With all the sloppy thinking and loose talk and writing about "the next war" and how to keep out of it, it is gratifying to see some evidence of sanity here and there, and particularly gratifying to read in Liberty such editorials as Hitler—Another World War—Can We Keep Out of It? (May 4 issue). I say "particularly" in this case because Liberty has a much larger circulation than any other periodical among the people who would have to fight and win the next war.

We are today the only people on earth who can make any claim to freedom. If that is so, it is because there were a lot of roughnecked ginks at Concord, Bunker Hill, Yorktown, Palo Alto, Gettysburg, Siboney, Château-Thierry, and the Argonne Forest who could take it plenty—but not lying down.—*W. C. Russell.*

MIAMI, FLA.—For a long time the writer has been reading Liberty, and especially the editorials, and in many instances agrees that Mr. Macfadden has done some very able writing for the benefit of mankind. However, in May 4 Liberty, an editorial he has written strikes me as only a very valuable advertisement for the benefit of the devil and all his war lords, the latter being the grafting war-material manufacturers.—*Charles W. Horton.*

MARSHALLTOWN, IA.—I wonder if the editorial over Mr. Macfadden's signature in May 4 Liberty was written by him? It seems that it was written by some one who enjoys blowing soap bubbles.—*F. X. Beller.*

"That's odd . . . you should have died last May!"

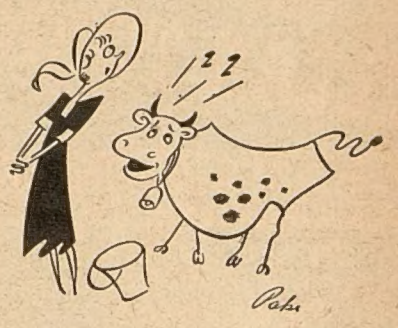
INSURE INVESTMENTS TOO!

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.—After reading an article by B. C. Forbes in April 20 Liberty, I had an idea for an article that I would appreciate if published in one of your future editions. As I am not a writer or financial man, all I can give you is the basic principle of the article, which is to give the investing public security by insuring investments up to a limited amount, the same as present bank accounts are. The only investments to be insured are those that have been investigated by the government; the upkeep could be supplied by charging a percentage of the investment.

Perhaps this has been suggested by some one else; but as I have not read of it or heard of it, I think it is original.—*Stanley O'Neill.*

BULL-CALF CROONERS

SALINA, KAN.—Minerva K. of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, writes in April 27 Liberty that she adores crooners and feels sweet and amorous passions as



though the crooner were pressing her to his manly brisket.

She can find her a bull calf just out of Saskatoon that can do it quite as well as the highest paid radio nut. It is not music. I cannot sing or play anything, but I could croon—if I were not ashamed to do it.—*D. W. Densford.*

74-ROUND STALL?

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Jack McAuliffe's story, Could John L. Be a Champ Today? in May 4 Liberty, is certainly a piece of bunk. That old dodo would have no more chance against a man like Jack Dempsey or Tunney than an ox would have winning a race against a thoroughbred.

Fighting has advanced down the years. Fighters now train on a scientific basis, abstaining from alcoholic drink. Old-timers were mostly sots.

McAuliffe seemed to be bragging about his seventy-four-round fight against Jem Carney. But, as a matter of fact, it was just a confession that neither of them had a knockout punch in either hand. That was just a seventy-four-round *stall.* —*E. E. Vaughan.*

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Cover by Frank Godwin

★ ★ ★ **NEXT WEEK** ★ ★ ★

Beginning—The Man Who Played God Five Times by H. Bedford-Jones.—This man, Thaddeus Shea, is real. He is still living. He has actually played god among Siam's jungle savages, among Borneo's head-hunters, in Abyssinia's back-of-beyond. His bizarre and terrific adventures outdo a Rider Haggard's fantasies, and he has relics, photographs, documents to substantiate every one of them. His story as told to Mr. Bedford-Jones is a feast for better gods than he impersonated!

Is It Right to Bring Back the Dead? by Louis E. Bisch, M. D., Ph. D.—Already it is being done, and done with human subjects. Science's power to revive the dead begins to seem unlimited. What of moral complications?—of religious objections?—of the weird legal difficulties that will arise when men accounted dead come back? Read Dr. Bisch and draw your own conclusions.

Other stories and articles by Erle Stanley Gardner, Matt Taylor, Floyd Gibbons, Bert Green, Edward L. McKenna, and others

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THIS great health resort, founded by Bernarr Macfadden, invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. This resort at Dansville, N. Y., is patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. A beneficent, non-profit institution. ¶ In addition to being the ideal health resort, the management of Physical Culture Hotel have gone to great lengths to make it a delightful and charming spot at which to spend a few days or weeks in rest and recreation. ¶ If you are seeking the ideal vacation resort or are generally run-down or have a specific health problem to solve, the chances are that Physical Culture Hotel can be of priceless service to you. By all means write for full information including views, moderate rate schedule and wonderful testimonials regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

INCORPORATED

DANSVILLE NEW YORK

What Adela Rogers St. Johns Thinks of Physical Culture Hotel

My dear Mr. Macfadden: — I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, **Adela Rogers St. Johns.**

-------- MAIL COUPON TODAY --------

Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L6-15
Dansville, New York.
Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

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